Indispensable—the "John Bull" Pen.—See Coupon page 12.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 555. | SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1917 | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

555608.

A
For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

YOUNG MEN IN A HURRY

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

X SOLD EVERYWHERE.

COST LITTLE.

EXCELDA LABEL ON EVERY HANDKERCHIEF.

LIGHT AND DAINTY.

DEPENDABLE QUALITY.

ASK FOR EXCELDA SOFT COLLARS, FRONTS, SHIRTS.

Steele's Ad. Serv.

GREAT
CASH SALE
OF FURNITURE.

The most sensational bargains ever offered.

THE forthcoming Great Sale at the "Midland" Salons gives you the supreme opportunity of a lifetime to make your home beautiful, and, at the same time, to

save £50 in every £100 spent.

The Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., has purchased for cash the entire stocks of three large Manufacturers who are closing down in consequence of the War. Owing to the difficulty of providing storage for these vast stocks of magnificent furniture, we have decided—in addition to the enormous all-round reduction in prices—*to give our customers a further 15% discount for prompt cash on every purchase made at the Sale.*

Come to the 'Midland' Salons and see for Yourself!

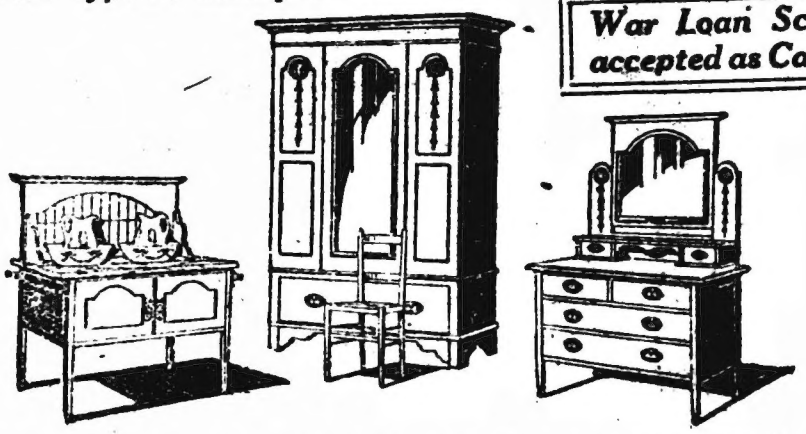
This Sale will be a landmark in the history of the British Furniture Trade. You will be able to buy this superb furniture outright, at prices never before offered to the public. Come to the "Midland" on Monday and judge for yourself.

Call early at our expense
and secure the pick of the Bargains.

We will pay return fares to all who purchase £20 worth of goods and upwards, as no Sale Catalogue can be issued owing to the paper shortage.

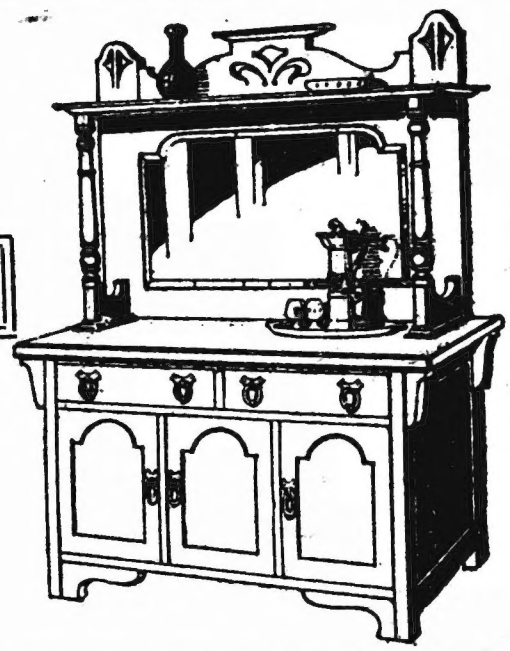
Two typical examples of value:—

War Loan Scrip accepted as Cash.



A beautifully made Suite of fumed oak. 4 ft. Wardrobe, with convenient drawer in bottom part, and a shaped bevelled mirror, Dressing Table and Washstand, the latter having a marble top and back. Complete with two Chairs. Usual Price £39 10s.

Our Special SALE PRICE - £21 10s.



5 ft. Sideboard, beautifully designed and soundly constructed in fumed oak. Fitted with shaped bevelled mirror in back, 2 drawers and commodious cupboards. Usual price £11 15s. 6d.

Our Special SALE PRICE - £7 17s. 6d.

A special section of the Sale will be devoted to fine second-hand furniture at drastically reduced prices. All goods are packed and delivered free.

Special credit terms can be arranged for those who desire to furnish out of income, thus enabling them to participate in the advantages of this unique Sale.

Midland
Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. 1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station. 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. *Governing Director,* **GEORGE MICHAEL,** *who has been associated with the business for 40 years.* **Saturdays—9 till 1.**

PREPARED to Resist Attack!

The Enemy within the Lines!

Our Boys pushing back the Huns have another formidable and loathsome enemy—BODY VERMIN.

BODY VERMIN

The spreader of infectious diseases, together with the unspeakable torture resulting from their bites, are the dread enemies within the lines. There is *one* safe and sure method of destroying such deadly and horrible pests.

Parasitox, the most marvellous destroyer known to Science, applied to the affected parts, absolutely destroys all parasite life, together with the eggs.

PARASITOX

PARA-SI-TOX

1/- Per Stick.

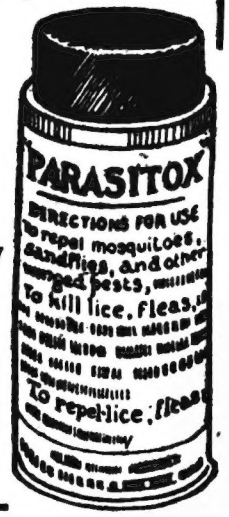
*

Non-Greasy

*

Pleasant to use.

*



SEND TO YOUR SOLDIER FRIENDS.

Cold greasy ointments are useless—no powders are efficient—Parasitox is never known to fail, and hundreds of letters from grateful soldiers are standing proof to the marvellous power of PARASITOX.

Obtainable from Expeditionary Force Canteens, all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Parkes, Army and Navy Stores, Harrods, Selfridges, and all principal Chemists and Stores, or from Heppells Pharmacies, 164, Piccadilly, and 73, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, and branches. Thousands of sticks sent regularly every week by Central Prisoners of War Committee.

HEPPELL'S Insectox Laboratories, 2, Eden Street, N.W. 1.

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, E.C.2.

Foreign Branch Office: 9, Finch Lane, London, E.C.3.

Subscribed Capital	£22,947,864	Deposits (26th July, 1917.)	£182,517,486
Paid-up Capital	4,780,792	Cash Reserve (26th July, 1917.)	42,075,526
Reserve Fund	4,000,000		

Merchants and others purchasing goods from abroad can buy their exchange for payment on the best terms through any of the Branches of this Bank.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Linos, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

EASY TERMS

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.

Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

Strong Rooms for the safe custody of deeds and other property provided for the use of the Bank's Customers.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold on behalf of customers and the public generally.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.

Accounts can be opened by any responsible person. Interest paid on approved credit balances.

Call or Write for Special Booklet.

All descriptions of Banking Business, including the Collection of Bills, Dividends, Annuities, etc., transacted.

Foreign Money Exchanged and Drafts issued to all parts of the world.

Head Offices: **1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**

Branches throughout the United Kingdom. A. H. & Co.

£1,000 AIR-RAID INSURANCE.

THROUGH the medium of the "Wheel and Wings" Association, Ltd., underwriters at Lloyd's are issuing Special Policies whereby for the payment of a £1 10s. Premium they will insure the holder for a year against Death or Injury caused by Aircraft, hostile or otherwise, including Bombs, etc., discharged from Aeroplanes, Zeppelins, Anti-Aircraft Guns, Shrapnel, also from falling Masonry, Glass-Splinters, etc. This special policy will be issued to ladies as well as men, including special constables, members of the V.T.C.'s and all non-combatants between 16 and 60 years of age.

"Wheel and Wings" Policies are signed by underwriting members at LLOYD'S, and thus offer the finest insurance security available.

BENEFITS.

£1,000	In event of Death.	£6	Per week during total disablement up to 52 weeks.
£1,000	In event of Blindness or the Loss of Two Limbs, *or any other injury causing permanent total disablement.*	£1 10s.	Per week during partial disablement up to 52 weeks.
£500	In event of Loss of One Eye, Hand or foot *or any other injury causing permanent partial disablement.*	Medical Expenses	All Medical expenses up to 15 per cent. of the compensation otherwise payable.

PREMIUM £1 10s. Half Benefits 15s.

Send Name and Address, stating age and occupation, and enclose Treasury Note or P.O. for amount of Premium. 15s. secures half benefits. 7s 6d. secures quarter benefits.

"Wheel and Wings" Association, Ltd., 33-36, King William Street, E.C. 4.

THE VERY LATEST **BADGE BROOCHES of the BRITISH NAVY & ARMY.**

A Remarkable Production. Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Ships' and Regimental Crests. 500 Designs are ready, which include almost every regiment in the British Army, Colonials, Territorials, Yeomanry, etc., also about 200 designs of the Ships of H.M. Fleet. Crests not already in our List can be made to order—sketches submitted free. Write for full particulars.

BOTLY & LEWIS, MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS, etc. Actual Manufacturers. Wholesale Trade Supplied.

25, KING STREET, READING. 'PHONE 172

An unique production in Solid Silver, fine enamel finish (as illustration) **2/6**
(In velvet-lined box.)

15-ct. Gold mounted on Bar 42/-
9-ct. " " 21/-
9-ct. " on Safety Pin 12/6
Gilt Enamel " " 1/-
(Each enclosed in suitable case.)

Post free anywhere.

Send for our Illustrated Booklet post free.

(Established a century.)

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii, of cover.

IT'S LIKE LIGHTING UP AT HOME

As soon as I get the light to this Grand Cut I'm there — the back blocks again. The first whiff reminds a man of the home-made plug he smoked in the old days, and many a good rousing, time.

(What about a little jaunt to Manley now?—eh, cobber!)

7½d per oz

GODFREY PHILLIPS' "GRAND CUT" VIRGINIA

is the real bonza stuff for all overseas chaps who don't cotton to smoking hay. All baccy shops sell it loose, but it's as well to see it weighed from a Godfrey Phillips yellow box.

Quality Wins

Thousands of new customers are buying Lipton's Margarine in Fresh Rolls because of its wonderful quality—absolutely indistinguishable from Fresh Butter. They go on buying it and will have no other because experience has taught them that the only perfect substitute for Fresh Butter is

Lipton's Margarine IN FRESH ROLLS

per 1/- lb.

Tastes and looks like real Fresh Butter, and is just as nourishing and delicious.

Lipton's Margarine
PACKED IN
OLD ORIGINAL
CLOTH LUMPS
per 1/- lb.
A perfect substitute for Salt Butter.

LIPTON'S

Lipton Ltd., Tea Planters (Ceylon) and Provision Merchants. Tea Merchants by Special Appointment to H.M. King George V., T.M. the King and Queen of Italy, and H.M. the King of Spain.
Head Office: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.
Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page iii of cover.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 588. Week ending Saturday, September 8th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Lord Haldane.

Aren't the public entitled to know in what capacity, and to what extent, the services of this apostle of *Kultur* are being utilised by the Government?

Ramsay.

Which reminds us that, up to the present, there has been no official contradiction of the statement that Macdonald was recently offered a post in the Ministry.

Helping the Enemy!

We are in trouble with the Admiralty over something we said the other week about vessels crossing the sea at night. Meanwhile, the quarterly "Navy List" has just been published—"primarily for the benefit of Germany," as the *Daily Mail* puts it.

Honouring the Hun.

From the fact that we gave the Hun raiders of the East Coast the honours of a military funeral, we assume that, in the view of the authorities, the dropping of bombs upon the holiday-makers of Margate and Ramsgate was a legitimate act of war. We are not military experts ourselves.

Our Double.

We have now had the opportunity of meeting our "double"—Judge Neil, of America—and a very charming man he is. Ahem!

No Contradiction.

Apropos of our suggestion, in a recent article, that Demos should settle the Peace Terms, we are asked to reconcile that view with a previous statement that Haig and Jellicoe were the proper men to do it. Easy—they are the agents of Demos!

General Election.

There is a renewed demand in certain quarters for an early election. Apart from the crime of disturbing the public mind with political issues at this moment, Mr. Lloyd George is not likely to commit the folly of sacrificing three-fourths of the Nationalist vote in the House—which is what Sinn Fein means.

Who *Can* it Be?

The *Daily News* says that "in the poorer districts of London there are increasing numbers of boy babies who will have to carry the weight of 'Horatio' to the grave. Both Nelson and Kitchener may have something to do with this, but it is credibly stated that another public character has a great deal more." Who *can* it be?

Piety and Brains.

Commenting on our statement that the hushing up of the Mesopotamia Report "is a crime against God and man," the *Freethinker*—yes, we take it regularly; *and* the *Christian World*—tells us that piety—"particularly new-found piety—and intelligence seldom run together." So we are a pietist, are we?

A *Star* "Turn."

Was it intentionally or by accident that the *Star* recently published, side by side, a splendid leader on the duplicity of the Kaiser and an article on Education by Lord Haldane, embellished with his photo?

Are You a Mason?

If so, see that no German "brothers" attend your Lodges. We know something.

Our Occupation Gone!

"Wanted, a War Orator" is the title of an article in *The War Illustrated*. Well, Mr. Hunnable is bobbing up again!

Mesopotamia.

Will readers who have received letters from their Members of Parliament in response to our coupon oblige us with the loan of the originals for a few days?

A Peace Pointer.

Who shall say that the Stock Exchange is dead? Under the lead of Dunlops (whose Ordinary shares the 'cute James White division are buying) Industrials generally are booming—which is the finest peace pointer we have so far had.

What Says the King?

We have been inundated with suggestions—mostly from Wales—for the Prince's new motto, but we think this "takes the biscuit." To celebrate the birth of the new era after the war, it is proposed that *Ich Dien* should give way to *Tywysog y Goron*—"the Crown Prince"! What is Welsh for Kaiser?

"Bottomley and Northcliffe."

Thus Mr. Arthur Gleason, the New York journalist:—"Bottomley and Northcliffe . . . are a mixture of the politician and the financier. They have a tough masculine geniality, etc., etc., and a knack of playing on the coarser impulses and motives of the democracy. . . Essentially they are bad leaders." Perhaps Lord Northcliffe, whilst in America, will present our compliments and invite Mr. Gleason to ten rounds with the gloves or a fight with singlesticks.

Be wise and sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Too Cruel.

Why do hundreds of correspondents persist in addressing us as "Sir Horatio"? What have we done to deserve that?

A Patriot's Reward.

The first firm who can truly advertise, "We employ none but disabled soldiers, discharged from active service," will coin a fortune.

An Oversight.

What has happened to the Geddes family? Nearly a whole week has passed and no fresh honour has been conferred upon any of them.

Militant Margate.

Margate people say that if they were permitted to run their own system of defence, without interference from anyone, they'd bring down every Hun aircraft that attempted to raid them. Why not try it?

"Physician, Heal Thyself!"

H.M. Stationery Office issues to Government Departments a little bottle in a cardboard box, which is labelled thus:—"Gestetner's Cyclostyle—Correctur—Flussigkeit—fur Maschinen—Schrift." The stuff is described to us as a corrective. That being so, the Stationery Office should imbibe a great big bottle.

God Bless the Rain!

Will the pessimists never stop wailing? They see no good in anything. To these weeping Willies, the recent wet weather was all evil. Don't they realise that, though an injury to our crops is bad for us, the injury to German crops is fatal to the Huns? *We* can get food from overseas; the enemy can't. God bless the rain; it's another ally!

Scurvy Strikers.

A vivid sidelight on the "patriotism" of war-time strikers was afforded at a meeting of the Erith Strike Committee of local Trade Unions, when it was announced that on the accounts of the recent Strike Fund there was a balance of £41 10s. 6d. "to be given away that evening." Without more ado, the Committee proceeded to vote £2 to the Conscientious Objects at Dartmoor, £5 to the No-Conscription Fellowship, *and* 30s. *for the wounded soldiers*. The italics are our own. They are our only comment.

According to Regulations.

He was a good soldier and non-commissioned officer. Having one joy day, he treated his wife to a little dinner at a French restaurant. The room was full, except for one vacant chair next him. And then a brass hat entered. The waiter politely led the magnifico to that chair, but he, seeing a non-com. alongside it, stared, glared, refused to sit in such company, claimed his stick, and stalked out. Of course we congratulate the non-com. on losing such unpleasant company. But it is nasty on the part of a brass-hat to be so regardless of the feelings of a brother soldier.

Whitehaven's M.P.

Like Leicester and Blackburn and Stirling, and a few other places, Whitehaven has as its M.P. a pernicious pacifist it doesn't want—in the person of Mr. Tom Richardson. At a meeting in the Market Place a few days ago, his constituents gave him and his Political Agent mustard. He was pelted with queer stuff and driven up against a shop frontage, and but for a police inspector he would probably have gone through the window. "The intention of the hostile crowd," says the local paper, "was to hustle Mr. Richardson down the West Strand and into the dock." Somehow he managed to escape, but it was a near thing—so we advise him to practise swimming. He already knows how to run.

Rough Shooting Free.

From a Chatham newspaper advertisement:—"Shooting. Wanted to rent during the coming season a Rough Shoot of not exceeding 1,500 acres. Please send particulars." The particulars we supply are of Rough Shooting in France and Flanders; there is so much of it that the advertiser may have his belly full without any undue expense to himself. He will also find a little sniping thrown in, without extra charge. Living at Chatham, he should know.

Guisborough's Disgrace.

Guisborough Guardians have sadly disgraced themselves and their town. They had a vacancy for a Relieving Officer, salary £135 per annum. Five candidates were interviewed, prominent among them being a discharged soldier. On the voting, not one Guisborough Guardian had the decency to hold up his hand for the soldier, and the appointment ultimately went to a Mine's Deputy. Such slighting of an ex-soldier's claims by Jacks-in-Office is a disconcerting impertinence. Private employers are shocked by the unfeeling example of public bodies.

Double Punishment.

It is an accepted principle of jurisprudence that no man should be tried twice for the same offence. Yet in the case of soldiers subject to military law this wholesome rule is frequently abrogated, several instances of this kind having been noticed in these columns. The latest case is that of a private in the Army Service Corps who, having already suffered four days' C.B. for "cycling furiously," was subsequently convicted of the same offence by the Colchester magistrates and fined 10s. Such double punishments for trivial delinquencies are scandalously unfair.

"Meat, Meat!"

Congratulations to the Government upon having at last taken our advice—advice which we have been tendering to them for the last three years—by fitting up large cold storage buildings at foreign ports and thus releasing the valuable refrigerated vessels which have been detained so long in dock acting as mere warehouses. Had these special ships been utilised for their proper purpose of meat carriers from the Argentine and Australia, our supplies would have been immensely increased. The "playing for safety" was a profitable game for the owners.

Eve's Old Game.

"Educated women," says an official notice, "are needed immediately for fruit-picking. Apply at the Land Council, St. James's Street, S.W." We know women are expert fruit-pickers; one of them originated the business many years ago, but it is not on record that she had been to school much. Educated people get some of the big plums, but they fall into their mouths; the cultured folk would not be winners at real fruit-picking. The Land Council ought to explain why it wants college graduates to gather plums. Now, if they wanted somebody to grub up Greek roots—!

New Sugar Trick.

Now that sugar registration is on the *tapis*, the grocers and provision dealers are falling over each other to get the custom of the poor people they have hitherto so mercilessly exploited. At Hull, "A Mother" tells us, "every child who goes into a shop for anything is compelled to sign her name on a card to say she will get sugar there." Her own daughter, aged 15, went into a big local shop "for a few things to get a bit of sugar," but before they gave it to her the child had to sign her name. "I do not use this shop as a rule," comments the woman, "and I want to buy my sugar where I get the best value for my money." It goes without saying that this pressure put on children to "sign their names" is no part of Lord Rhondda's sugar scheme, and is in no way binding on parents.

Don't delay! Send for a "John Bull" Pen to-day. See coupon, page 12.

Printed in Germhuny.

From the scores of examples which are reaching us, it is evident the country is being flooded with picture postcards printed in Germhuny. In one case the postcard before us represents the "Largest Railway Crossing in the World, Central Station, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Printed at our works in Germany," and yet we wonder that Germhun Zepps and aeroplanes so nearly touch the spot in their raids on this country! It is no use purchasing Germhun-printed cards and then complaining that British shopkeepers are selling them. If there were no purchasers there would be no cards offered.

Cherchez Les Femmes.

An Oxford lady has an idea. "Is it not possible to form a women's fighting battalion?" she asks. "Thousands of women, like me, are ungifted with either brains or beauty. Having no particular ties, they would gladly give their lives to save a few of our much more needed men. Russian women are fighting; why can't we?" That there are British women equal to the tasks and hardships of war we doubt not. But though possibly without charms, save the spirit which ennobles them, we should be ashamed of our country if, while a fit man lived, he allowed a woman to defend, with weapons in hands, the hearth of the home from which he slunk away.

No Compensation.

She was in the Laboratory at the Arsenal, working on nasty material that forced her to wear a gag and a green veil. Overcome by it, she tried to find the nurse, but failed—so went out into the open air. They said she was wasting time; she was dismissed without wages or notice, and had since been so ill that she could not get other employment. And when she asked for compensation, the London Munitions Tribunal said it could not be granted "as she had not been able to get any other work because of her illness." If that means she would have been compensated if she had secured other work, the decision is as idiotic as it is unjust.

The Open Door.

In this country it has not been generally noticed, but it is a fact, that the Canadian Government have opened the doors of the Civil Service to returned soldiers competent to fill permanencies. The British Government should follow suit. Numbers of British soldiers returned from the war are quite able to perform such duties as are required from First and Second Division clerks. This is evidently so, for many are so employed on substitution terms; but what is wanted is the open door to Civil Service permanencies. No job can be too good for a British soldier who, having done his bit, is competent for the work. If there is a cushion in a Government office, he ought to be allowed to make himself comfy on it for the rest of his life.

Same Old Story.

How much longer do the Shipping Controller and the Food Controller intend complacently to tolerate a state of things in which ships from America, their holds laden with grain, put in at British ports and put out again with the precious cargo still on board, "simply because," as an informant puts it in regard to two cases at Huskisson Dock, Liverpool, "there is no room on the quay to put it, there already being a great amount of grain on the quay discharged from previous incoming ships and never taken delivery of"? Here, over and over again, we have grain landed safely home, only to be sent to sea once more—perhaps to be torpedoed. Well may the Germhuns say, "We shall never be gentlemen, and you will always be fools."

War Economy.

From the *Dundee Evening Telegraph*:—"The Rev. Eliot Mitchell, Rector of Greenhithe, is working with pick and shovel near his church to install a heating apparatus." He will have to dig fairly deeply!

Which Switch?

"Wanted," somebody advertises, "invalided young officers willing to act as switchboard attendants in a large electricity generating station; experience preferred, but not essential; salary to commence, 25s. per week and 12s. war bonus." The country looks after its officers, you see. Captain Dash, late Grenadier Guards, can have a girl's job when he likes, small salary, and bonus thrown in. The firm generates electricity, not generosity; otherwise we would ask what terms it offers to an invalided Tommy.

Rats or Targets?

A Scottish market-gardener wanted to keep down the vermin that spoil his garden, and his living, and applied to the Forth Garrison for a licence to purchase 200 .22 cartridges. His request was most courteously and most promptly refused. "Yet," says he, "I can go into any public fair and waste as many hundreds of these cartridges on the shooting ranges as I care to pay for. Do you call it right?" Let us, at any rate, call it silly.

An Episcopal Impertinence.

The recent National Mission of Repentance and Hope having proved a dismal failure, the Bishops are contemplating a new "offensive" against a long-suffering public. This time it is not a "Mission" but a "Crusade," and a beginning is to be made in the neighbourhood of our principal arsenal with "an appeal to all the Munition Workers at Woolwich to do their utmost on behalf of truth, honour, and purity of life." Anticipating some hostility to their impertinent overtures, the organisers of the "Crusade" are already appealing for a "fair hearing." They will be luckier than they deserve if they get any hearing at all.

Prisoners at the Palace.

Muswell Hill people are leaving home in a hurry because of the statement that Germhun prisoners were to be removed from the Alexandra Palace, and the place turned into an aerodrome. While the Huns were there Muswell Hill had no fear of bombs; with aeroplanes in the place of Fritz they expected something like annihilation. A suggestion was made that a number of highest Huns should be retained on the spot, to preserve the Palace. But the good people may go home again and sleep and snooze as safely as before. The authorities have changed their weathercock minds, and the prisoners are to remain. The aerodrome project is off.

Hun-Patriotic Co-operators.

From time to time we have disclosed how the Co-operative Societies are robbing the Government. Here is another example—a card distributed by the Barrow Co-operative Society to its members:—"The Excess Profit Duty is now 80 per cent. of what is termed or defined as Excess Profits. The Committee, in order to save the Members from paying a tax of £800 out of every £1,000 Excess Profits, have decided (for the duration of the war) to pay a dividend of 1s. 6d. in the £ on members' purchases." The explanation is that at 1s. 6d. in the £ there is no tax. After the war, of course, Barrow and other Co-operative Societies will divide their Excess Profits among their members in the form of enhanced dividend, on which they will pay no Income Tax whatever. And the Chancellor of the Exchequer looks on and watches this tricky, selfish, unpatriotic manœuvre executed under his very nose!

"Bullets"—the Competition that makes long evenings short. See page 20.

Same Old Game.

When will the women who have been the real workers for the nation's food during the war get into the Honours List? Looks as though the same old game that has been played with the males is to be worked off on the women.

Manchester's Lord Mayor.

Manchester citizens are up in arms against the selection, as next Lord Mayor, of Sir Alexander Porter—a gentleman who, on the outbreak of the war, said at a public meeting "Germany had been the pioneer of civilisation on the Continent, and they were the people we were called upon to go and kill," and who recently voted in favour of letting public halls to the Union of Democratic Control. Good luck to Councillor Ross Clyne, who is leading the opposition!

High-Born Dunces.

One would think our noble aristocrats were proud to pose as proven dunces. Said Lady Betty Balfour, at Bedford College, "It took her children nine years to learn to write and until eighteen to learn to spell." As for arithmetic, we suppose her ignoramuses may realise that two and two make four by the time they are tottering to the tomb. Some of the "hupper classes" are notoriously ignorant and uneducated, but it seems stupid for their mothers to make a song of it.

Negligent Midwives.

"Seeing all the fuss that has recently been made about babies," writes a lady reader at Luton, "is it not strange that, in an up-to-date town like this, a new life should be so little thought of?" There follows a complaint that on the confinement of a poor woman at Luton, the nurse first summoned declined to come because she was "too tired"—while another qualified midwife "flatly refused to come because they had sent to the other one first." If these serious allegations can be verified, they should at once be reported to the Central Midwives Board.

The Irish Dilemma.

Among the latest causes of discontent in Ireland is the disarming by the Government authorities of the Nationalist Volunteers in County Down. The real grievance seems to be that, while the Home Rulers have been required to surrender their weapons, the Ulster Unionist Volunteers have been left in undisturbed possession of theirs; or, as our friend "Jerry" MacVeagh puts it, "the Nationalist rebel is hanged or shot, while the Unionist rebel is promoted to the Cabinet." To say the least, such "odorous" comparisons do not help the prospects of the Convention.

An Episcopal Eruption.

That distinguished prelate, Archbishop Whiteside, of Newcastle, has yet to learn the elements of Christian charity. Perturbed at the "language" used in some munition works, his Grace warns his flock of the evils of profanity. "There was always a danger of Catholic girls taking up the practice," declared the Archbishop; "Non-Catholics knew no better." For sheer spiritual arrogance, not to say sectarian bigotry, that statement would be hard to beat.

A Just Grievance.

The abolition of Commercial Travellers' "week-end" railway tickets at reduced fares has inflicted serious hardship upon a class of men who, from the necessities of their business, are among the most regular patrons of the railway companies; and we strongly suggest to the Government that in the general trading interest this trifling concession should be renewed. The week-end rest at home is a boon highly prized by the knights of the road, who, on more grounds than one, have a special claim to consideration in these critical times.

Huns' Music for T. A.

There is a semi-official report current that a musical comedy company has been assembled, under Army Council management, for the purpose of performing in various military camps. The scheme is good, but we should like to know the names of the persons who chose for the performance two of the musical comedies—"Gipsy Love" and "The Merry Widow." Both these pieces are of enemy origin, coming from Austria, and to put Hunnish music before Tommy is surely an insult that seeks for trouble. Take the two pieces off the programme, please, and let us have something by British composers.

Crime Without Punishment.

When James Orpen, a Clerk in Holy Orders, was charged at the Stratford Police Court with a foul offence, a solicitor pleaded guilty on his behalf to "an act of indecency," with the observation that, though the act was "reprehensible," it was "not quite so bad as was often heard of in Court." For some reason or other this plausible suggestion seems to have been eagerly seized upon by the Bench, and on the ground apparently that the prisoner's disgusting conduct might conceivably have been worse, the Chairman released the wretch on 12 months' probation—a decision which was the negation of every principle of justice, and a menace to the moral safety of the community.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

More adhesive than Flanders mud,
Tommy "sticks it"—it's in his blood!
But Fritz in the slough is feeling bad,
So raises his wailing "Kamarad!"

News that meat is to be less dear
The harassed housekeeper's heart doth cheer;
But, alas! the reduction may prove a myth,
For the butcher has still to be reckoned with.

Bravo, Italy! Carry on!
Hist'ry will ring with the deeds you've done!
The world is watching with interest
Your blows at Austria and Trieste.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Sir Charles Harris, Assistant Financial Secretary to the War Office.

Dear Sir Charles,—I cannot say that I read with amazement your evidence before the Committee of Public Accounts on the subject of that military meat contract, for there has been so much financial and other genius of sorts making a playground of this war that I should not be astonished at any contract into which the War Office enters. Here was an Army meat contractor whose profits rose from £19,000 a year before the war to £140,000 for the 16 or 17 months the contract lasted after the war broke out; and when the Public Accounts Committee sniff out this significant fact and want to know all about it, you assume an imperturbable demeanour and tell 'em that "We made an arrangement which was quite reasonable for a garrison of 6,000, but the garrison then went up to something like 350,000, and we forgot to taper off the scale." It seems to me that War Office financiers who lose their memoryto this tune ought to go out and lose themselves, but I suppose they are still on the job and going strong, having qualified for promotion. Give them my compliments, and accept the same yourself. I am presently arranging another War Loan for all of you to play with. Expend some of it in building yourselves a monument of jackasses' skulls.

John Bull.

To Sir Charles Mathews, K.C., Public Prosecutor.

Dear Sir Charles,—It is seldom that I trouble you, but I beg you to look into the circumstances disclosed at the West London Police Court in the course of proceedings against a husband for the maintenance of his wife and child. It seems that, five weeks after the birth of the baby, the unnatural father wrote to his wife deliberately counselling her to slay the child. "There are hundreds of cases of children found dead by the mothers accidentally laying on them during the night," wrote the callous brute. "If you want to live happy, you know what to do." Upon these appalling revelations I can scarcely trust myself to comment, and it will surely be sufficient to leave the facts with you.

John Bull.

To Sir Reginald Brade, War Office.

Dear Sir Reginald,—The British public are heartily sick of the military honours paid to dead Hun airmen killed in the act of attempting to shamble peaceable British civilians. Kill 'em by all means, and bury them; but stop this fulsome honouring of pirates of the air. It makes me ill.

John Bull.

To Ex-Corporal Charles Harding, 1st-8th Middlesex Regiment, 21, Rosebank Road, Hanwell.

My Dear Sir,—Information reaches me, from a spectator of the part you recently played in the rescue of a five-year-old from the "rushing waters of the weir near the King's Lock between Brentford and Hanwell." Attracted by the wild screams of a number of children, you "dived into the whirlpool without a moment's hesitation and succeeded in rescuing under great difficulty and danger" the little life which, but for you, would assuredly have been extinguished—for I am told the poor child had been "carried away 100 yards and gone under three times." As you have been a soldier I will not tell you what I think of you; I leave you to guess, while I mention your name quietly to the Royal Humane Society.

John Bull.

To Eliot Howard, Esq., J.P., Chairman, Stratford Magistrates.

Dear Cadi,—Your justice may be flawless, and your law superb, but your *obiter dicta* leave something to be desired. For instance, I really cannot agree with you that "it is a grave public scandal" that a boy of 15, working in a munition factory, should receive a wage of a guinea a week. As a matter of fact, I have a letter from the father of the lad in question, who informs me that, to discharge his duties at the factory, his son leaves home soon after 5 o'clock in the morning, seldom getting back until 8 o'clock at night. Do you seriously contend that for this incessant labour a wage of 21s. weekly is wantonly excessive? Or did you for once speak without thinking?

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. R. Munro, K.C., Secretary for Scotland.

Sir,—I am asked by the people of the villages and hamlets on the West of the Isle of Lewis, in the outer Hebrides, to draw the attention of the Government to their plight. Their houses, they tell me, are practically thatched mud huts, built in one compartment in which whole families live and sleep. "In one village—Arnol, in the parish of Barvas—and also in many others, the children have to travel from one mile to three miles to school in all kinds of weather through bog and marsh, and in winter, wet through to the skin, they sit in school from 9 a.m. till 4 p.m. Water has to be carried in buckets from a quarter-mile to a mile. I should certainly have thought the Town and County Councils would have taken matters in hand long ago, but I gather they can or will do nothing; and, for my part, I can think of no way of rendering these people the service they ask of me other than by bringing their complaint to your notice. If it is in your power to improve their lot, I am confident you will do so.

John Bull.

To the Rev. Theodore Emmott, Vicar of Walford-on-Wye.

Dear Sybarite,—When you appealed for your gardener at Ross, you were unsuccessful, and the good man goes. During the proceedings it transpired that you live alone at your vicarage. Alone, that is, except for your servants, who number seven—four males and three females. The Chairman of the Tribunal, addressing you, remarked that "it was scandalous that a minister of the Gospel should attempt to justify his conduct in keeping all those servants in these times. Our country is at war, but I am afraid this reverend gentleman does not recognise it, but merely recognises the necessity of keeping himself in luxury and ease." I think I need add nothing to that, except to quote an old comedian's gag—"Them's my sentiments!"

John Bull.

To His Honour Judge Alan Macpherson, Burton County Court.

Dear Judge,—I cannot quite appreciate the grounds upon which you recently saw fit to reverse the verdict of a Special Jury in an action for wrongful dismissal. The plaintiff was an agent formerly employed by the Burton and District Trading Association; and the jury, after a careful hearing, decided that the man had been badly treated, and awarded him £5 damages. However, you declined to accept this verdict, and, without stating your reasons, entered judgment for the Company. Admittedly, there are rare cases in which, on legal grounds, the verdict of a jury may properly be set aside, but such judicial powers should be sparingly exercised, and, as at present advised, I cannot applaud your action. Perhaps you will explain.

John Bull.

To Josiah Denson, 2, Kimberley Road, Cambridge.

Dear Bully,—I see that you have been in trouble, in circumstances that rob you of the least claim to public sympathy. At the Cambridge Borough Police Court you were recently summoned for assaulting one of your tenants whose rent you had illegally raised. It appears that for a time the householder had complied with your unjust demands, until "he read about it in John Bull, and that opened his eyes"; whereupon, in the course of a heated discussion of the matter, you committed the assault for which you have now been fined £5. This was a salutary lesson, and I trust that for the future you may contrive to keep within the limits of the law.

John Bull.

To John Jeffs, Peacemonger, Rotherham.

Foul Traitor,—I cannot imagine why a local journal has permitted you to spill your venom over two columns of a recent issue, unless, indeed, it is in order to expose your vileness to the public gaze. At any rate, your foul slanders against British troops, whom you accuse of malpractices similar to the atrocities of the Huns, are now on record, and by finding excuses for the Germans—even for the murder of Nurse Cavell—you proclaim yourself akin to them in mind and thought. In fact, your whole effusion is as nauseous a blend of cant and treason as blackguardism and folly have ever combined to produce.

John Bull.

TOMMY ALL THE TIME!

THE SOLDIER'S LOST CITIZENSHIP AND OUR DUTY TO HIM.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

MILLIONS of men to-day, finding their souls in patriotism, have lost their rights in citizenship. It was inevitable. At home in days of peace the man is a recognisable entity—clothed with privileges, garbed in independence; in war, as a soldier of the King, he is part of that vast machine whose purpose is to kill; he sinks the man, he is only a number, a disc. If he complains he is in danger of disgrace; resentment is a crime. Like the Jew of old, sufferance is the badge of all his tribe. He cannot combine to secure redress; he must not organise to right his wrongs. Hundreds of thousands of men who won for themselves industrial power and privilege through the medium of the trade union cannot now call their souls their own. But the soldier knows that he is to-day living the bigger life; that these are no ordinary times; that the fate of Empires, the future of Civilisation, is in his keeping—a great, a mighty trust. And he is content to wait. But while he waits and suffers, we must work—we who are pledged to his interests, who have made the solemn vow that, just as the soldier has put country before all else, we will put the soldier in the forefront of every demand that can be made upon a grateful and ever-remembering People.

To Render Him Justice.

And so to-day Tommy's grievances have become *our* grievances; his troubles we take upon *our* shoulders. It is Tommy first and last and all the time. The hundred and one organisations that have sprung into being in the last few months since we first put forward our idea of the Blue and Khaki League are evidence at once of the national desire to render justice to the fighting man and of the confusion and waste of effort born of over zeal. So long as the soldier cannot combine in his own behalf, and under an obsolete order of things is allowed to be united only in the splendid task of defeating the enemy, we must be content to wait. It is useless starting any movement which the millions of fighting men are by law incapable of joining. Taking it for granted, then, that the soldier cannot hope personally to combine or to agitate to improve his present lot, it is up to those of us who have pledged our word to him to see that, so far as lies in our power, he shall be fairly treated while he is in the fighting forces of the Crown. Week after week the columns of JOHN BULL—"The Soldier's Bible," as it is called—bear testimony to wrongs suffered, and often happily to injustices righted. But there remains much to be done—a whole catalogue of grievances, some small in themselves but big in their cumulative effect, others great and crying in their unfairness, call for attention and redress.

Home, Mother and Wife.

For the moment I pass over the question of the vote. If that be denied the soldier—and the proxy idea is only good in parts—it will be an act so infamous that I pity the Government which is called upon to pay the price of so base a betrayal. Let us deal rather with the man's home—for that to him is everything. He has gone to the wars to preserve it, and too often he finds that official stupidity and blundering red-tape do their best to decree for his dependents temporary penury or the workhouse. After all that has been said and written about dependents' allowances—those allowances, which are supposed to be granted according to the degree of dependency of mother or sister, are often held up for four or five months while addle-pated committees are sitting. Scores of cases are within our personal knowledge where the only wage-earning son of a widow—the one who kept the family—has been called up for military service, and owing to these damnable delays the unhappy woman has been compelled to pawn or sell property to keep the wolf from the door. In many cases, too, the Poor Law has been the only refuge. There have been promises of reform, but nothing has happened. A married man is allowed for his wife and children. Why should not an unmarried soldier supporting his mother and sisters be treated in the same way? While on the subject of pensions and allowances, let it be said that the methods of the Pensions Issue Office in Baker Street are radically wrong; that much unnecessary suffering is caused by the delays which, with proper management, need never occur. The Army Pay Corps is a well-conducted department, considering all the difficulties—and General Carter, who has seen his staff grow enormously and has been compelled to substitute women labour so largely, is working wonders. But both in the matter of pensions and allowances the grievances are still far too many and far too well founded for the liking of anyone who puts Tommy and his dependents before everything else.

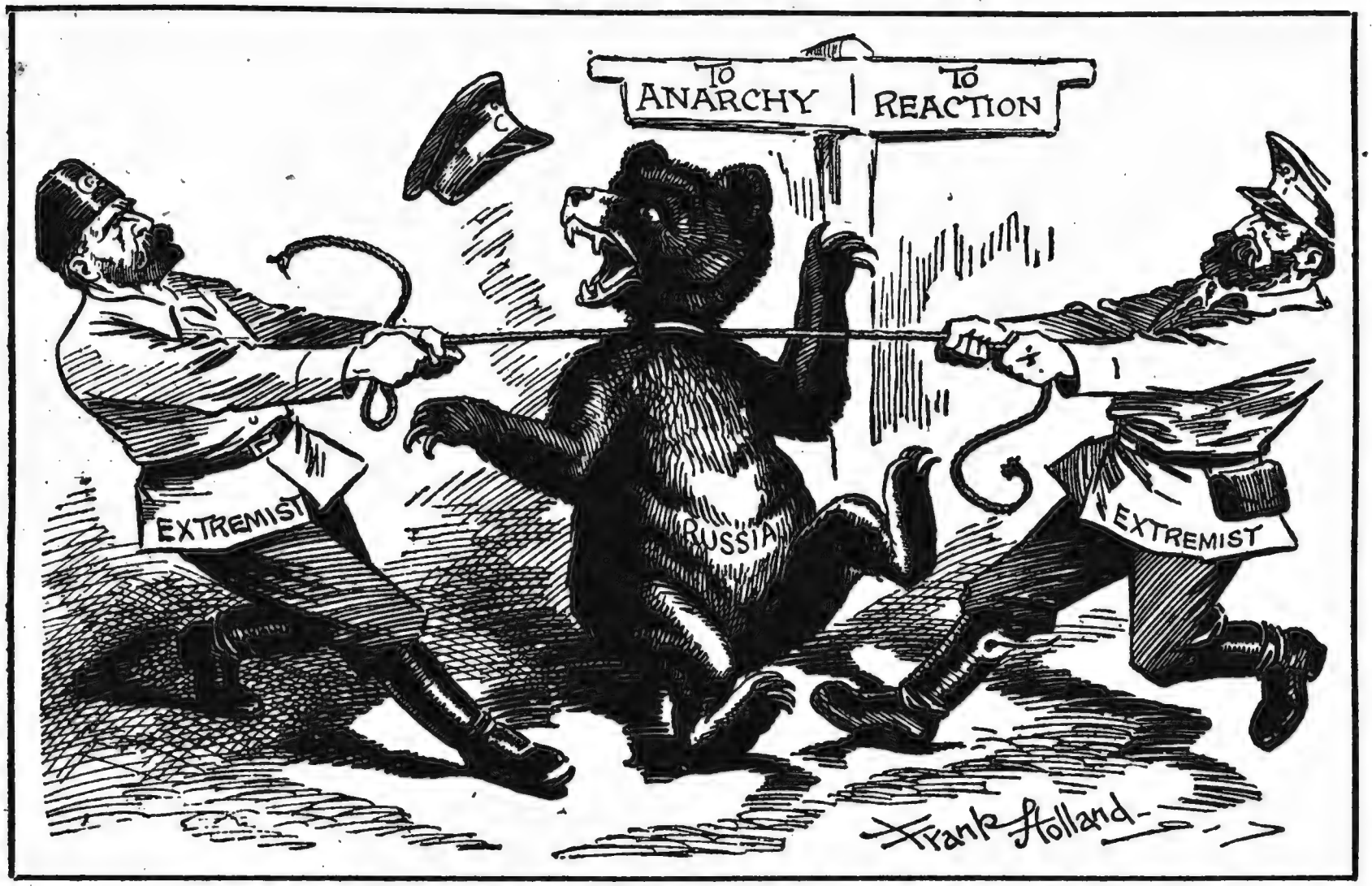
Pay and Stoppages.

Then take the matter of the soldier's pay, miserably small as it is—the agitation for a substantial increase first put forward in JOHN BULL will very soon bear fruit—in too many cases Tommy doesn't get what he is entitled to. The complaints are exceedingly numerous; some on investigation prove unfounded, but in the bulk the grievances are genuine. Men are told they are in debt when, in fact, they are in credit—a mistake too often the fault of the Company Officer. Again, we have numerous complaints from men who declare that one week they are given half pay and the next whole pay; they allege that they are diddled by the Company Quartermaster-Sergeant, and that to raise a query means that they are threatened with "clink." According to regulation, a man should be paid in the presence of two witnesses and should initial the pay-sheet, but if our information is correct this regulation is too often ignored. Another grievance, and one which is very strongly resented, comes under the heading of barrack damages. The vast bulk of our men have to live under canvas, or in huts—often badly built. When a hut goes to pieces the men inhabiting it are asked to pay for its repair—a case of adding insult to injury, if ever there was one. But it not infrequently happens that while the vacating battalion pays barrack damage, the new tenants also have their pay docked to make good deficiencies with which they have had nothing to do, and which have been paid for already. Somebody must be doing well.

When Peace is Declared.

Now we repeat: Tommy has got to stick it "for the duration of the war"—that is certain. But when he comes home he will have a big reckoning. Meanwhile, we intend to stand by him in every legitimate grievance, and to use all the influence at our command to see justice done him. We have yet a good deal to say, particularly with regard to the Statutory Pensions Committee, to the blundering injustice of the Civil Liabilities Committee, and especially on the burning question of the soldiers' proficiency pay—a matter which affects the whole Army. And "for the duration of the war" must mean what Lord Kitchener meant. We hear the rumour that when peace is declared certain Volunteer regiments may be sent to India. We don't believe it. But if such a breach of faith is contemplated, let the War Office beware!

THE RUSSIAN TUG-OF-WAR.



THE BEAR: "A little more of this and it'll be the death of me!"

THE HUN PRISONERS' FLAG.

QUESTIONABLE CONVICTION BY A COURT MARTIAL.

We have considerable sympathy with a Non-Commissioned Officer formerly attached to the Northumberland Fusiliers, who is endeavouring to rebut the findings of a Field Court Martial, by which he was lately convicted of a grave disciplinary offence, "sentence to be promulgated later." The central incident in the unhappy affair, and the origin of the subsequent trouble, was candidly described in the accused's statement to the Court Martial, from which we are enabled to quote the following important extract:—

> I respectfully submit that this case is the outcome of an incident which occurred in the cage of N. 28 Prisoners of War Company. The enemy prisoners of war had a German national flag flying in their compound by permission of the Officer Commanding. I had several times pointed out to the Company Sergeant Major that in my opinion this was irregular and tended to cause a great deal of discontent amongst the escort. The Company Sergeant Major informed me that he did not see why the prisoners of war should not be allowed to fly their flag. On the night of June 2nd, 1917, I entered the compound, took down the flag, and threw it away.

Reprehensible as this act may have been from a disciplinary point of view, it might have been difficult to make it the subject of a specific charge; but, for the purpose of the Court Martial, a graver accusation was forthcoming. Upon what we are bound to regard as most unsatisfactory evidence, a charge of drunkenness while on duty was formulated, and the prisoner remanded for trial. At every stage of the proceedings, the accused, while admitting that he had acted wrongly in taking down the German flag—a matter upon which lay opinion may differ from the military—stoutly resisted the charge of drunkenness, which, on common rule of evidence, was certainly not established. Unfortunately, a good deal of prejudice seems to have been imported into the case, and we are strongly inclined to hold that a serious injustice has been done to a soldier who, in the course of 13¼ years in the Army, has rendered creditable service in the field.

LAW AND TYRANNY.

THE MENTAL DEFICIENCY ACTS AGAIN.

The more we see of the working of the Mental Deficiency Acts, the more thoroughly we are satisfied that our original opposition to these measures was justified at all points. It seems that Scotland is afflicted with an Act worse even than the obnoxious one operating south of the Tweed, the controlling authorities being apparently possessed of illimitable powers once a person is certified "mentally unfit." The latest complaint to reach us is from a Glasgow mother, whose daughter, was removed four years ago to the Stonyett's Certified Institution by Order of the General Board of Control for Scotland. After a couple of years in the institution, the girl's mental condition had materially improved, so that the parents were looking forward to her release—when in March, 1916, the Board issued a further Order extending the period of detention to March of the present year. After another twelve months of waiting, the mother was again making arrangements to welcome her daughter home, when on March 31st last her hopes were again dashed to the ground by the receipt of the following from the Secretary:—

> In terms of Sections 12 and 13 of the Mental Deficiency and Lunacy (Scotland) Act, 1913, I hereby intimate to you that the Board have to-day issued an Order authorising the continued detention of —— in Stonyett's Certified Institution until March 31st, 1920.

Three more years! and apparently this sort of thing may go on indefinitely, there being no appeal from the decision of the Board and no opportunity for independent medical investigation of the inmate's state of mind. In point of fact, the mother claims that there has been a great improvement in her daughter's condition, so that she is now "quite a sensible young woman," yet she is doomed to three years' further detention at the arbitrary fiat of the General Board of Control, without the pretence of independent inquiry. Such methods constitute a scandalous infringement of the elementary liberty of the subject.

CALL IN

The Patient in the Next Bed

By THE E

ALLY or impediment?—that is the question. Russia, once the steam-roller—what fools we all were!—is to-day Russia the Obstacle. The steam roller turned out to be a wooden horse—like the one which betrayed the dupes of Troy. God forbid that I should say a word to add to the troubles of Kerensky and the gallant Korniloff. But let us look facts in the face. It is time to end the prophecy of smooth things. We lived for months in a Grecian fool's paradise, and hoped against hope that the treacherous Tino would play fair and square. Now we know from the recent revelations of the good and true Venizelos that, but for that monarch's double-dealing, Constantinople would have been ours before the war was little more than a year old, while the ghosts of Gallipoli would not to-day be wailing on the lone shores of Suvla Bay. In the name of a common cause and a common patriotism, let us cease this fooling where Russia is concerned. Plain speaking between friends never worked any permanent harm—and to-day it must be very, very plain speaking if the democratic forces of Russia are not to sacrifice themselves on the blood-red altars of Prussian autocracy. We used to talk of the Sick Man of Europe, meaning that infamous old scoundrel who sat straddle-legged on the throne of Turkey. Now we are witness to the pangs and pains of the sick men of Russia—those men who, taking the law into their own hands, have dethroned the Romanoffs and are now fighting to see who is to fill the vacant place—Anarchy with the grinning skull of death, or Liberty with the fair face of life and hope. The irony of it all! We went to war to save Russia—and she refuses to be saved. It is too early yet, in spite of blue books and diplomatic revelations, to see in their true perspective all the operating causes which unlocked the gates of war and poured forth the living streams of helpless men, doomed and destined to fall on the fields of battle. But this is sure—that for good or ill Russia drew the sword, that France was compelled by honour and the written signature to join in the challenge, and that Britain, mistress of the seas, master of her own destiny, could not in decency and friendship stand aloof from the fray. Yes, we entered upon this awful carnage as much to save Russia as to rescue Belgium; and now, in the cauldron of anarchy that is boiling in her midst, she may yet destroy herself.

Disaster and Death.

What is it that Russia wants? Peace. Well, we all want it. But the peace which comes of retreating rabble, the end of a war which sees once stern armies bending and breaking before imaginary dangers, is a peace and an end that mean disaster and death. When the Russians in the most bloodless revolution of all the ages dethroned a King and set up Committees of Workers and Soldiers, there were those who thought they knew—who cried, "Advance, Russia; Germany is doomed!" But there was sadness in the hearts of those who read the signs differently. Germany made the war and Germany made the revolution, and if German schemes and plots come to their full fruition, Russia, which is already passing from our hopes as a belligerent, may, before long, be written off the map of nations. The picture is a terrible one to contemplate; present scenes already presage the coming horrors. Nothing I could write and say could be so terrible in its condemnation, so blood-red in its anticipation of impending ruin as the bold, clamorous utterances of the head of the Russian army. Korniloff sees red ruin ahead unless the rule of "blood and iron" is applied to the broken armies of the Revolution; he predicts a condition of things more horrible than anything history can suggest—millions of starving and enraged Russian soldiers returning in the coming winter to the distracted towns there to slay and to pillage. If order can be called out of this chaotic welter, then the age of miracles is beginning again. If the Russian people, drunk with the fever of Freedom, can sober themselves and stand steady on sentry-go for Liberty, then there is hope yet—faint, flickering, almost dead, but still hope. Speaking deliberately, however, I have ceased to count upon our Near East Ally any longer. Let us face the fact that we must finish the war without her. But I would not dare to criticise the Russian situation or even to comment on the inglorious hullabaloo that prevails in Petrograd and Moscow, did I not see in all that is happening a lesson and a moral for others. Mr. Lloyd George the other day pictured Russia as possessed of the fever of revolution, and wondered when Germany, the patient in the next bed, would succumb to the infection. But it behoves us to fight on as if nothing but a military victory will avail, certain that if the splendid blows of Haig and Pétain and the wonderful thrusts of the Italians are maintained, the German military machine, strong and effective as it still is, must perish utterly under the continued pressure of the Allies.

Call in Dr. Bull!

But, for victory's sake, don't let us lose sight of the fact that revolutions and wars cannot be manufactured in the same furnace—it must be one or the other. Russia may lose the war, and in losing it fasten upon her neck, so recently freed, chains heavier and more enduring than any Romanoff ever forged. If Russia will not be saved, if she persists in fighting at home and funking at the front; if her soldiers roam the streets of her cities instead of lining her trenches, then may God's pity rest upon a wonderful people—for they will need it. There is something terrible in the thought that the Kaiser, who tricked the world into war, might reap the reward of his treachery in the wealthy fields and enriched steppes of Russia. Every inch the Russian soldier retreats brings the enemy into touch with territory on which he will fix his grasp that he may have something to bargain with when the appointed time comes. There are people who would like to see the whole world in the melting-pot. They are the Brocken witches who, either from ignorance or malice, would stir up a strife such as no man could see the end of. War is bad enough, but war is, after all, disciplined antagonism. Revolution is too often desperation's mad

DR. BULL!

Bed—Young Men in a Hurry.

EDITOR.

dog, and it is only when the madness proceeds from natural causes and is the sole outlet for pent-up national passions that it is inevitable, and—being inevitable—justified. Don't let us, while looking to the patient in the next bed and daily praying that the fever may descend upon him, forget that there are others in the great European Ward who are sickening for the fever. There is nothing easier than to start revolution; nothing more difficult than to stamp out the flames when once the torch has been applied and discipline and order crackle in fires of upheaval like thorns under the pot. There are many things amiss; there are in this country a thousand wrongs to be righted, and at the proper time they shall be put right. But now is not the time. The war is not yet won; victory, already near, has still to be made certain. We must do what we can to remedy the things which cannot wait—we must dam up the streams of suffering and injustice. But those great principles for which men are fighting, for which they lie dead or in racking pain on the war fields, cannot die. And when the strife is over and the boys come home, they will join in the fight for the new civil freedom that must follow on the liberation of the world from Militarism. I sometimes shudder to think what may happen when those mighty forces, at present held in the irons of a rigid discipline, are liberated, and toward the floodgates of true Liberty surges our returning manhood. Time enough then to make the new struggle—time enough then to fight a fight with weapons more powerful than shrapnel, more penetrating than high explosive. Meanwhile, steady all of us! There is a virulent fever in the air. We must prescribe the medicine of a sane national sentiment. Call in Dr. Bull! Take long breaths, and long views; don't be "rattled" either by politicians or pacifists. Stick to the job in hand; see this great task through; end the war which a mad king in wanton cruelty decreed, and then see to it that never again shall the blood and bone, the sinew and manhood of a nation, be sacrificed to make an Imperial Holiday.

Young Men in a Hurry.

And, for Heaven's sake, don't let us begin tinkering and tampering with things at home before we are out of the wood. For instance, I have before me the programme of the long threatened new Party—for which readers were prepared by a note in our last issue. It is called the National Party—a fine distinction from the Nationalist Party of which Mr. Redmond is the head. It starts, however, by being suspect of nothing more in its origin than a Tory revolt. To be quite candid, it *is* nothing more. It is a revolt against Mr. Bonar Law, who is alleged to have sold the Unionist passes to the Liberals, and to have been effectually "dished" by the wily Lloyd George. How far the rebellion is aimed also at Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Walter Long, and other "renegades," I do not profess to know; perhaps the Leader of the House is considered the *deus ex machina* of the situation, especially as before the Coalition days he was the Leader of the Unionist Party. But be that as it may, the Clubs and the Lobbies—the headquarters of political intrigue—have been humming for months past with rumours of the coming split—and now we know. I am not likely to be suspected of any fanatical obsession for the virtues of the present Government—but it *is* the Government, and we *are* at war, and at a very critical stage of the war to boot. Wherefore, as I said last week, we must move warily. Many pitfalls are ahead; one false step may mean our undoing. I wish I were free to say something I know as to the probable course of events during the next few weeks. But this I may say—that provided we show a united front, and keep a stiff upper lip, we may yet sit down to our Christmas dinner in peace. It is possible—indeed, it is probable—that my honourable and gallant friend Brigadier Page Croft, M.P., is aware of what I am referring to—and that may be the explanation of his hurry to get on with the new Party; but Young Men In A Hurry may well become a source of danger at this juncture. Fortunately, however, Parliament is "up," and much may happen before it reassembles. Meanwhile, my advice is to forget all about Parties—old or new—"for the duration," however inviting the dish placed before us.

After the War.

After the war it will be different. Then we will make no bones about it. All the frauds and shams of Politics will be consigned to the limbo of decayed and putrid hypocrisy. The only Party then will be—and I make the cynics a present of the phrase—the No-Party Party; and its programme will embrace all the principles enunciated in the new Manifesto, together with many others which its authors have overlooked in consulting the files of this journal. You will learn all about it when the "Business Government Handbook" is published. But we can wait a little longer. The war has brought every institution, every custom, every theory, into the melting-pot. *Nothing* will remain intact—in either the social, the religious, the political or the commercial world. Demos is undergoing a process of re-birth, in which, if wisely treated, he will throw off all the ailments of his adolescence—he is quite young yet, as the period of human evolution counts—but we must give no prescriptions till we are in a position to make a correct diagnosis. These Westminster Physicians are "too previous." Like good students, they must attend a further series of clinical demonstrations, under the guidance of Dr. Bull, who will take charge of the case when it is ripe for treatment. For the moment, the patient requires rest, freedom from all disturbance—*and then he will pull through*. In other words—dropping metaphor—leave the Government unembarrassed to conduct the war to a conclusion, looking as kindly as possible upon its failings, and fortifying it in the eyes of the enemy by the undivided and whole-hearted moral support of the Empire. We know there are many causes of complaint—that vigour and courage would have ended this bloody business many months ago. But we must hold fast in the faith, keep a stout and clean heart. The rest is with Haig and Beatty and Pétain.

NINE TO ONE.

HUNS WHO POISON THE COUNTRYSIDE.

At a village not far from Leamington about twenty German prisoners are employed in the chief industrial works. They are enjoying full liberty in the lovely English countryside, within a radius of five miles; if they make it fifteen, nothing is said to them. They live in English homes, and behave as though they owned the place. The worst aspect of the matter is that the women encourage the square-headed beasts, and walk and talk with them. Women capable of consorting with Huns deserve nothing but the deepest condemnation, and ought to be ostracised from decent society. The situation becomes loathsome when we hear of a soldier, home after two years' fighting, bearing sixteen honourable wounds, meeting the girl he thought was his sweetheart in the company of a nameless Hun. Naturally, he told the girl what he thought of her, and the German thereupon assumed an aspect of truculence. But the Tommy, showing fight, put the fear of God into the Boche, and ultimately chased him home. A little later, the Hun, having rounded up eight more swine, laid in wait for the soldier and attacked him. He fought the nine of them for a time, but weight told, and they got him on the ground and kicked him. It might have meant his death if the disturbance had not at length brought neighbours on the scene, and he was rescued, black with bruises and nearly unconscious. If there is any grit in the local Chief of the Police he will see to it that those nine brute beasts do not go unpunished. Such scum should not be allowed to wander at large in an English village, and after this specimen of their misbehaviour and malignity, their proper place is back behind the barbed wire. To leave them free to contaminate a neighbourhood and to assault a man who has done his bit and done it well, is a shockingly bad way of managing things.

A CANDID CONFESSION.

COCOA MAGNATES AND GERMAN FUNDS.

Their names having figured prominently in lists of subscriptions for the assistance of "Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians in Distress," a Canadian correspondent, a customer of both firms, addressed a letter to Messrs. Cadbury Brothers, Limited, and to Messrs. Rowntree and Co., Ltd., inviting a statement on the matter. In each case our friend was favoured with a lengthy reply, the prospect of a loss of custom having not perhaps been without effect. "As a firm," Messrs. Rowntree denied having subscribed to the funds of the Committee; but the gist of Messrs. Cadbury's letter was contained in the following frank admission:—

> We, and individual members of our Directorate who are members of the Religious Society of Friends, have contributed to the fund of the Emergency Committee inaugurated by the Society of Friends to help "innocent aliens" of enemy nationality in this country—primarily the wives and children, who are in many cases left in a destitute condition.

After this candid statement there is really little more to be said, the rest of Messrs. Cadbury's letter being directed to show that, in addition to their lavish disbursement for the aid and comfort of enemy subjects, they have subscribed to "the various funds for the benefit of objects promoted by Great Britain and her Allies." In the case of a wealthy British trading corporation this ought perhaps to go without saying; and in any case it does not alter the fact that Messrs. Cadbury Brothers—together with individual members of the Directorate of Messrs. Rowntree and Co.—have committed the unpatriotic folly of wasting their substance on the Huns, or at any rate upon their wives and children, whose succour might very well have been left to wealthier members of their own accursed race.

A MONSTROUS PENALTY.

HARSH ACTION BY MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

A friendly supper party, after closing hours, at the "Crown Inn," Knap Hill, Surrey, had its sequel at the Woking Police Court, where the landlord, Mr. H. A. Field, was charged with an offence under the Licensing Acts. The Magistrates, however, took a lenient view of the case, the summons being dismissed upon payment of the costs. Unfortunately, this was not the end of the matter. Among the guests at the supper party was a soldier "wanted" for a military offence, and this fact having been brought to the notice of the Army authorities, the "Crown Inn" was closed to the public on July 10th last by Sir Archibald Hunter, the Competent Military Authority for the district, under the wide powers conferred by the Defence of the Realm Act. In these circumstances, a great deal of sympathy is felt with Mr. Field, an old soldier discharged from the Army with an exemplary character, and against whom no offence of any kind had previously been recorded. Up to the present, however, the military authorities have declined to revise their decision, which operates with peculiar hardship in Mr. Field's case, as he is suffering from an affection of the eyes, rendering him unfit for other employment.

MYSTERIOUS DISASTERS.

ARE THE AUTHORITIES SUFFICIENTLY AWAKE?

Having in mind the mysterious loss by explosion, while in harbour, of several British warships, a correspondent advances certain interesting suggestions. In the first place, he is concerned at the ease with which, as he alleges, unauthorised persons can obtain access to ships of war—"provided you are dressed in overalls you can pass aboard these warships without any question." At a Liverpool dock "the policeman sits at the bottom of the gangway, staring in a vacant manner at the crowd going aboard, so that anyone with an evil intent can easily pass through." On a further aspect of the same question, we quote the observations of another reader who has, for some time, been engaged on the London and North-Western Railway:—

> It is officially stated that these disasters have been due to "internal explosions," occurring near the bunkers. I have driven scores of trains loaded with the Welsh coal with which warships are furnished; and I am strongly of opinion that these trains should be guarded in the same way as munition trains. As a matter of fact, however, I have known trains for the Grand Fleet backed into sidings for days and nights together, quite open to any evilly disposed persons who may be at large.

These palpable dangers may have been recognised by the authorities, but this correspondence raises important questions.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN.

BUT TO BE PAID FOR BY THEIR RELATIVES.

The *Bolton Journal*, meditating an "In Memoriam" page to mark the third anniversary of the war, sent out a circular to relatives of the dead—"a race of heroes who make a nation great and loved"—asking for names and particulars of the fallen. The page was to be specially designed, "so that it might be cut out and kept." An admirable idea, quite spoiled by an intimation that the price for insertion on the "In Memoriam" page was "2s. for 20 words (3 lines) and 6d. per line over." We do not appreciate that kind of business, nor do we care for the ring of this:—"A memorial in the local press will be one way of putting a flower on the place where sleeps the brave." It would also be one way—and rather a funereal one—of putting a number of shillings into the pockets of the proprietors of the *Bolton Journal*.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

De Luxe Model. with 18 coupons **2/9** Postage 2d.

Standard Model with 13 coupons **1/9** post. 2d.

Our famous **JOHN BULL PENS** are all fitted with 14ct. Solid Gold Nibs, iridium tipped.

USE THIS COUPON

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(September 8, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"THE UNSOLDIERLIKE SUB."

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

THERE has come to hand, within the last fortnight, a letter from a Captain with the B.E.F., which is well worth reprinting in its entirety here, both in view of its distinctive difference from the majority of "letters from the Front" and of what has been lately written in the pages of JOHN BULL regarding the remarkable extent to which "Pelmanism" is being adopted by officers of His Majesty's Army and Navy.

Here is the letter in question :—

I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman course.

When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two "pips," and have now three stars and an M.C.

That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System.

———, Captain.

As an isolated letter, the foregoing might fail to carry much weight. But when it is taken as typical of some hundreds of similar letters from Army and Navy officers, then, indeed, one is forced to concede that there must be "something in Pelmanism."

More than thirty Generals and Admirals and well over 300 naval and regimental commanders—to say nothing of 3,000 other officers and a multitude of N.C.O.'s and men—have adopted Pelmanism since the outbreak of war, and every day brings reports from them as to substantial benefits derived. There is indeed "something in Pelmanism."

Let us take a few examples. A Naval Captain reports promotion to the command of a fine cruiser—thanks to his Pelman training. A Lieutenant-Colonel reports "a step in rank" within two months of starting the Course. A Major writes attributing his majority *and his D.S.O.* to the same agency. A General and a Rear-Admiral also write giving testimony which it is, at present, inadvisable to publish. There is not a rank or unit of either Service which has not supplied convincing evidence of the fact that Pelmanism is truly the short road to progress.

Many officers find that, in addition to assisting them to greater military efficiency, the Pelman Course serves other desirable ends. For example :—

The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. "Success," too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary.

Such letters render comment superfluous.

The evidence produced by the Pelman Institute is amply sufficient to sweep away the last vestige of doubt, it forces one irresistibly to the conclusion—and it is the right conclusion—that, as "TRUTH" says, "The Pelman Institute places the means of progress within the reach of everyone."

An Amazing Fact.

The amazing fact is that, however sweeping this statement may appear, it is literally true! There is no case upon record in which the conscientious student of "Pelmanism" has failed to reach the coveted goal—whether that goal be promotion, financial betterment, social or professional advancement, or aught else.

When it is remembered that this applies, without exception, to every class of the community, and that doctors, solicitors, barristers, University graduates, authors, Army and Navy officers (from General and Admiral downwards), Government officials, politicians (members of both Houses), editors, clergymen, architects, auditors, directors, bankers, salesmen, clerks and secretaries (to name but a few) are every day writing and thanking the Pelman Institute for its invaluable help and guidance—then it may well be conceded that if the Pelman announcements sometimes verge upon the sensational, it is simply because the facts themselves are "sensational."

"Pelmanism" in the Services.

The extent to which "Pelmanism" has been adopted by both Services is wonderful when one considers the disabilities under which "the little grey books" are being studied at the Front and in the Fleet. At the present time there are no fewer than 7,000 officers and men following the Pelman Course, including :—

—24 Generals.
—4 Admirals.
—81 Naval Captains and Commanders.
—144 Colonels.
—Over 3,000 other Officers.

From these *voluntary* reports are received daily, recording promotion and other benefits due to "Pelmanism."

As to other results, the difficulty is to select the most representative ones. Here is a random selection which could be multiplied a thousandfold from the Institute's records :—

—Promotion to Colonelcy.
—Placed my practice on a satisfactory basis.
—Rise of £145 per annum.
—Doubled my turnover.
—Naval Promotion (Captain).
—Salary improved 300 per cent.
—Literary prize of £250.
—My income has gone up 300 per cent.
—Substantial increase in my salary.
—Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
—Increased turnover and salary.
—Secured a Staff appointment.
—My turnover has beaten all records.
—My business has increased considerably.
—Salary exactly doubled.
—Added £90 to my Commission Account.
—I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
—Salary increased, also a 10 per cent. bonus.
—My salary has been increased by 60 per cent.
—The means of making my income double.
—Greatest increase in business.

Thus, in every direction—financial, professional, social and educational—the Pelman System is daily helping thousands of men and women of every trade, profession, and occupation to attain success.

And what is the cost? A half-hour or so devoted each evening for a few weeks to a most fascinating course of study; not study in the humdrum sense of the word, but a real mental recreation. Most students of the Pelman Course openly express regret when the lessons have terminated; so deeply interesting do they find them.

From the very first lesson difficulties begin to vanish; problems become easier of solution; worries are dissipated. It is no magic formula which accomplishes this; the secret is a perfectly open one—the natural development and thorough organisation of the mental faculties, leading to a tremendous stimulation of energy and confidence in oneself.

The average man or woman has no idea of the almost boundless possibilities of mind-training, and "TRUTH" has done a great public service in bringing the facts to light in its special Report on the work of the Pelman Institute.

"TRUTH'S" opinion is significantly summarised in the following sentence :—

"The advice which sends a student to the "Pelman Institute is not likely to be regretted "either by him who gives or by him who "takes it, since it is founded on an honest "conclusion, drawn from indisputable facts."

("TRUTH," May 30, 1917.)

From business and professional women eulogistic letters are received by the thousand, and the majority of them express themselves in terms of enthusiasm. Many of them actually reproach The Pelman Institute for *under-stating* the value of the Course. For instance, a Solicitor writes :—

"I used to think that the claims made for 'Pelmanism' must be fantastic; now I consider them to be under-statements of the truth." It is useful to bear in mind this comment (typical of many) when one is tempted to think that the announcements made by the Institute are in any degree exaggerated. *As a matter of sober fact, every statement made here or elsewhere by the Pelman Institute can be handsomely justified by a reference to the records of the Institute.*

A Student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants." Even as a purely social and intellectual factor, Pelmanism well repays the few hours required for its study; and over one hundred titled people have enrolled for it within the last few weeks (from ducal rank downwards).

Qualities Developed.

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises, the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to reason clearly, to Converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence and Success. All mental weaknesses and defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc., etc.

The improvement begins with the first lesson, and continues, increasingly, right up to the final lesson of the Course. Individual instruction is given through the post, and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

Should it be Nationalized?

Many prominent people—including a Member of the House of Lords and many other men and women—are insisting that the Pelman Institute should be taken over by the Government, so that the whole nation may receive the benefits of "Pelmanism." The Editor of JOHN BULL and many present students of the Course support this view.

In the meantime the Directors of the Institute have temporarily arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable readers of JOHN BULL to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay. **To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by postcard or by letter to the address below.**

Write To-day.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special Report on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how to secure the Course for one-third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all JOHN BULL readers who send to The Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

[ADVT.

The Great Topics of the Hour!

STOCKHOLM—"Stock WRIGLEY'S"

The talk just now is about Stockholm, and like Wrigley's Chewing Gum, "is in everybody's mouth." Too much importance must not be attached to the Stockholm question—but great importance is attached to the question—"Do you *stock WRIGLEY'S?*"

Many customers have lately been unable to secure their regular supply owing to the fact that the British Government bought up all Wrigley's available stock, and consequently many retailers ran short. Unscrupulous dealers made this an opportunity to foist injurious and worthless substitutes upon the public, as being "just as good."

A large stock of WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum is again available. None need go short.

Be sure when you ask for WRIGLEY'S you get the famous packet with the Wrigley Label. The only guarantee of purity.

2½d. per Packet of 5 Bars.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists, (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

WRIGLEY'S Ltd. **LONDON, S.E. 1.**

ONLY 5,000 MORE

£1 "JOHN BULL" DICTIONARIES FOR 5/9

Owing to numerous and urgent applications we have decided to issue a small edition of 5,000 copies of our famous "JOHN BULL" DICTIONARY. This completely exhausts the stock, and no more will be printed till the war is over.

Rt. Hon. LLOYD GEORGE:—"Wish you every success in your undertaking."

EARL CURZON:—"An excellent and singularly compact dictionary."

LORD MILNER:—"Most interesting and handsome book from which so much valuable information can be obtained."

Sir EDWARD CARSON:—"A work of great value which should do much to maintain the dignity of the English Language."

Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR:—"I hope you will be thoroughly successful with this splendid book."

ADMIRAL JELLICOE:—"The size and general arrangements of the book are excellent."

Sir DOUGLAS HAIG:—"I congratulate you on your success."

LORD BERESFORD:—"The most excellent Dictionary I have ever yet seen."

Edition De Luxe 9/- post free.

THIS WEEK ONLY 5/9 (postage 6d. extra)

1,200 pages. Size 8 in. by 5½ in. Bound in Limp Seal Grain. 56 Full-page Illustrations in Colour and Monochrome.

Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

"One of the most compact and useful reference books in my library. I wish it every success."

(FINAL COUPON)

The "John Bull" Dictionary Dept.,
21 & 13, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

I desire to have my name put upon the list of "John Bull" applicants for the £1 Presentation Copies of the Modern English Dictionary, and enclose cheque (or postal order) for 6s. 3d. in full payment, including postage. *Foreign and Colonial Postage 6d. extra.* I understand that the money will be returned at once and in full to any applicant who, after receiving the Dictionary, is not completely satisfied with it.—Yours faithfully,

Name (Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss),

.....

Address.....

.....

An Edition de Luxe of this Dictionary, gilt edges, an Ideal Gift Book, gracing any table and any occasion, can be supplied for 9s. post free. Pigskin Library Edition £1 post free. Colonial Postage 6d. extra.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page iii of cover.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

MR. WILLIAM STRAKER.

Mr. William Straker is the Secretary (paid) of the Northumberland Miners. By some mysterious means his Monthly Circular or Report, issued presumably for the edification of his employers, fell into my hands. In an idle moment I began to read it. Two minutes afterwards I was making headlong for the terminus to take train to the North for the purpose of interviewing the author of the precious document . . . .

"Mr. Straker?" I inquired.

"That's me," was the gruff reply.

"You are paid by the Northumberland Miners to act as their Secretary and represent their views, I believe?"

"Well, what about it?"

"Your Monthly Circular, therefore, may be presumed to be a reflection of the opinions of your employers, the miners. Isn't that so?"

"You may presume what you bloomin' well like," was Mr. Straker's graceful retort.

"According to your Circular, you advocate an immediate peace without victory. Did your employers, the Northumberland miners, authorise you to do that?"

"Find out."

"That's what I'm here to do. When war broke out, what proportion of the miners voluntarily joined up?"

"What's that to do with you?"

"Was it about one-third?" I demanded, in no wise discouraged.

"P'raps it was, and p'raps it wasn't."

"I have information to the effect that it was about that proportion. Now, then—has that honourable section of your employers authorised you to advocate an inconclusive peace?"

"The Northumberland Miners in khaki have authorised me nothing," snapped Mr. Straker. "I don't reckon them at all."

"I see," I said. "You leave them out of account. Very well, then. Now tell me—aren't the vast majority of the Northumberland Miners who remain at work in favour of a fight to the finish and a victorious peace?"

"What the Devil does it matter to *me* what they're in favour of?" demanded the Miners' Secretary.

"Judging by your Circular, nothing," I retorted. "In your official capacity you appear to have the damned impertinence to ignore the views of the bulk of your employers, and to express your personal, pacifist opinions as though they represented those of the miners as a whole. You do not, of course, accept your salary while you thus wilfully misrepresent your employers' views?"

"That's *my* business," shouted the incensed Secretary.

"I fancy it's the miners' business also," I observed quietly. "You are a professed pacifist. You appeared on the platform at a Peace meeting held in Newcastle-on-Tyne—and at least had the honesty and grace to announce that you appeared there, not as the Miners' Representative, but in your private and personal capacity. Why did you not act with equal honesty in the case of your Monthly Circular, by stating explicitly that you were only expressing your personal views therein?"

"Who in blazes entitled you to cross-examine me?"

"Some of the miners whom you profess to represent, and who contribute towards your pay, and who are enraged and scandalised by the thought that they may be erroneously identified with your views. You are betraying a trust when you distort the opinions of those you are paid to represent. I warn you—you are watched. The next issue of your Monthly Circular will be awaited with interest."

And with these words I left him.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"STAFFORDSHIRE SENTINEL" (report of German Chancellor's speech):—

"I express the hope that this common labour may bring us nearer to the GAOL which we all have in mind."

"EVENING CHRONICLE":—

"The gallery of the chapel is entered by going DOWNSTAIRS, and the basement by going UPSTAIRS."

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—

"10 Cart and Van Horses for Sale, owing to SCARCITY OF CARMEN FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD."

"NORTH MAIL":—

"'The Stockholm Conference is DEAD,' said a prominent Labour man, 'but we want still more votes than we have got to KILL it.'"

"WILTS, BERKS AND HANTS COUNTY PAPER":—

"The Fire Brigade was sent for, and they were able to subdue the fire BEFORE THE MEMBERS OF THE BRIGADE COULD GET THERE."

"DAILY MIRROR" (serial story):—

"His VOICE GREW SHAMEFACED."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—

"The war bread is not less nourishing than white bread. . . THE BREAD NOW OBTAINABLE is probably more nutritious and more wholesome than the WAR BREAD."

"EAST END NEWS" (advertisement):—

"—— are the largest and oldest BUYERS OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE DEALERS in the East End of London."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS":—

"Latest News . . . On the eastern bank of the Meuse desperate FISHING continues."

"THE LEIGH FRIENDLY CO-OPERATIVE RECORD":—

"Mrs. Duddle said there were three times as many women members as men, and the delegates should be composed of HALF MEN and HALF WOMEN."

Are *you* a WAR SAVER?

WHEN you spend small sums on little luxuries do you ever think of how far the effects of your action may spread?

A stone thrown into a pond produces little circular waves which extend and grow fainter until they are no longer visible. But as a matter of scientific fact they eventually reach the very edges of the pond. A similar thing happens when you buy anything which is not really necessary. The shop-assistant who serves you, the carman who brought the goods from the railway, the railway workers, the factory workers who made the article, the engineers who controlled the machinery, the miners who procured the necessary coal, the ships and sailors who brought the raw material, are all prevented from working for the country because of the demand you and others have created for these unnecessary goods. Could you not, without hardship, forego these purchases and, with the money you would save, buy War Savings Certificates? Then you would be really helping your Country and yourself at the same time. You can get them at any Post Office, Bank, or through your Local War Savings Association.

Keep each 15/6 Certificate for five years and the Government guarantees to pay you £1 for it in Cash. If you need the money in the meantime, you can cash your Certificates at the Post Office. They increase automatically in value year by year. Each member of a family can hold up to 500 of them. They are entirely free from Income Tax.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE

(Appointed by His Majesty's Treasury)

Salisbury Square, London, E.C. 4

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

Coddling the Cure.

A Conscientious Objector obtained six weeks' leave to look after his garden in Billericay. He returned to his unit, but was sent back for another furlough two days afterwards. And yet harvest leaves are refused to genuine farmers who voluntarily joined the Colours!

A Memo. for Mile End.

We have received complaints from patients in the Mile End Military Hospital, and should like to see the grievances remedied. Perhaps the Secretary will take note.

"Why do the Heathen Rage?"

What have we done that every other Company Officer periodically parades his men, and tells them to have nothing to do with JOHN BULL, threatening them with awful penalties if they are found writing to us? This particular parade is one of Tommy's few amusements, but the boy officers, while solemnly haranguing the men, do not seem to be aware that they are silently laughing up their sleeves.

Out of Bounds.

Some of the Artillerymen at Welbeck Camp ask us to make an appeal on their behalf. The surrounding woods, and most other enjoyable local places, have been put out of bounds. They say also that there are so many military and civil police about that it is almost impossible to move without knocking one of them over. If the Camp Commandant is helpless, possibly His Grace of Portland will oblige.

"Pity the Poor Editor!"

"Could you advise me in any way as to how I could find out what regiment —— —— joined, in last year some time?" Quite a common inquiry this, but we always have to give it up.

West Kents Waiting.

We have received a postcard from some West Kents, prisoners of war in Turkey, who were captured at Kut. The writers ask us to find out why fully a dozen of the men in durance vile have not yet received parcels or assistance from the Regimental Association.

Innocent Committeemen.

Some members of the Committee of the Red Cross Hospital at Hanworth Park appear to have been touched by our recent denunciation of that institution. They addressed us over the telephone on the subject, but refused to put their denials on paper. We hold to what we said, and want to see the food improved, and the dismissed Sister reinstated.

A Merry Medico.

The other day on Salisbury Plain a Medical Officer was raising the categories of C3 men "on his own"—a procedure which we have already condemned. Addressing his victims, he said: "My son is in France fighting, and why the —— should I not raise your categories, so that you can be sent out? Why should my son fight for men like you?" This line of reasoning does not commend itself to us.

"Hazing" an Anzac.

A man of the 10th North Otago Company was pulled up for neglecting to salute an Officer in London. When he returned to France he found that his crime had followed him—with the result that he had seven days' pack drill, with a similar period of stoppage of pay. As he was a few hours late rejoining his Company, he got an extra fortnight's pack drill, with loss of money. As he remarked to his pals, "This is the sort of thing that makes a man a criminal."

Did they Kick?

We would like to know if it is the fact that a Training Reserve Battalion stationed in Aldershot refused to drill the other day because they were hungry—and, if so, how many men were "crimed" for the offence.

A Tip for Tipperary.

An Irish Command Depot Order lays down that sleeping out passes are to be granted to N.C.O.s and men of good character. We are sorry to hear that, in Tipperary at least, this Order is more or less a dead letter.

Make Way for the Native!

It is necessary to take care of the health of our Kaffir battalions; but the men at Rouen Base are complaining that they are being evicted from their huts and placed under canvas so that the natives may have more comfortable quarters.

From the Fleet.

"The Chatham, Portsmouth, and Devonport Branches of the Joint Committee of Naval Societies tender JOHN BULL their respectful thanks and keen appreciation for the most valuable service rendered to the men of H.M. Fleet, in connection with their recent loyal appeal for the removal of certain disabilities." We are always delighted to be of service to the Bluejackets.

Why the Distinction?

The Grimsby trawler men complain that, whereas the crews of the paddle-sweepers are given shore leave from 2.30 till 10 p.m., the trawler crews are generally granted liberty from 4.30 to 8 p.m. only. This difference should not be, and it naturally leads to much grousing.

Minesweepers' Money.

We have a legitimate grumble from the crew of one of H.M. paddle-sweepers, to the effect that they have not received money for mines destroyed between August, 1916, when they were commissioned, and May last. This is a matter that Sir Eric Geddes might look into.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

A Sailor's Wife.

The wife of a seaman is ill, and was in financial distress, being refused help by the Civil Liabilities Commissioners and the Local War Pensions Committee. However, she met with different treatment when her case was placed before us.

Baulked the Landlord.

A soldier's widow has six children to support, and having suffered from a long illness she was naturally hard up. Her landlord had obtained power from the Court to place her furniture on the road; but we prevented this.

We Killed the Wolf.

A woman wrote to us, sending proofs, that her husband, a discharged soldier, is very ill. The wolf of want was attacking the little home when our assistance arrived.

"Unofficial"—but Deserving.

A woman's "unofficial" husband has been missing at the Front for a long time. She has no pension, though there are three youngsters to keep. She came to us in her distress—with the usual success. Our Fund takes no cognisance of creed or "respectability"—suffice it that the applicant is dependent upon one of our fighting men and in is want!

One of "t'Old 'Uns."

A man who campaigned in the Boer War has a small pension and three young children. He is now under the doctor, unable to work. We visited him.

Misleading "Philanthropy."

The Statutory War Pensions Committee, wishing to pose as philanthropists, sent us an urgent notification telling us that if any of our applicants who depend upon soldiers were ill, they could obtain from the local Committee instant help. We trustfully acted upon this invitation in many distressing cases. The result was, however, that the "lady investigators" frequently bullied and insulted the poor applicants, telling them that measles, scarlatina, and such ailments were only "common illnesses," and help could not be given.

More "Secret Orders."

The explanation seems to be that, in the secret orders to the Committees, it is laid down that only cases of "severe" illness are to be helped. The War Pensions Committee and the Civil Liabilities Commissioners seem to be simply two bureaucracies set up by the Government to mislead the public into believing that everything possible is being done to help the families of the troops.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

J. H. (Godalming), 1s.; W. J. J. G. 2s.; "Canadian P.O." (Halifax), 2 dollars; "A Discharged Soldier," 2s.; G. N. C. (Strand), 10s.; "Traveller," 4s.; "A Soldier's Widow," 2s. 6d.; B. W. D. (Woolwich Arsenal), 3s. 10d.; Mrs. A. K. (Manchester), 1s.; "Anonymous" (Cardiff), £5; G. K. W. (Grantham), £1; Mrs. F. (Essex), 1s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 12s.; W. H. N., 1s.; "Karno," 10s.; "Taxi Driver 5273," 1s.; Anon., 3s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, 18s.; "A Tommy's Wife," 2s.; Pte. F. J., 1s.; T. L. (France), 7s. 6d.; Mrs. W. (Walsall), 1s. 3d.; R. O. D., 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Greenwich), 1s.; "Little Premier" (Halifax), 2s.; "C.," 2s.; "Anzac," 10s.; R. H. S. (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; F. J., 5s.; N. M. (Greenock), 1s.; "Toyoshama Maru," 10s.; "From Hell," £1; "Penzance," 2s.; A. M. S. (Birmingham), 6d.; J. J., 7s.; E. J., 13s.; "A Crook Well Wisher," 3s.; Sgt. A. F., 6s.; J. A. S., 2s. 6d.; Sgt. H. B. (B.E.F.), 2s.; S. T. W., 1s.; "Bullet Winner," 1s.; G. C. (Durban), 5s.; "Well Wisher," 5s.; "Anxious Father," 2s. 6d.; E. A. (Hockley), 1s.; W. P. (Shotts), 5s.; "W.," 1s.; Anon., 10s.; Mrs. F. C., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. B., 6d.; R. S. R. (Bargoed), 2s. 6d.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, 17s.; F. F. G. (B.E.F.), 1s. 3d.; A. G. W., 4s.; C. D. (Aberdeen), 1s. 6d.; H. J. H. (Stirling), 2s. 6d.; C. N., 1s. 10d.; H. W. P., 2s. 6d.; "Zaam House" (Pretoria) per D. J., £5; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Q. M. S., 1s.; "Balance, H.M.S. *Tyne*," 2s. 6d.; Anonymous, 1s.; T. L. (Stonehouse), £1 1s.; A. J., 1s. 6d.; B. J. C. (Luton), 1s.; G. E. H. (Birchington), £1 1s.; Collection in Clearing House, A.P.O. No. 2, 10s.; J. D., 2s. 6d.; M. W. (Midleton), 5s.; "Firemen and Stewards of H.M.A.T. *Berda*, A.30" (per G. B. O. S.), £16; W. G., 1s.; G. R. M., 2s.; "Little Johnnie," 5s.; B. B. (B. E. F.), 1s.; J. McG., 6d.; E. and C. (Balham), 2s. 6d.; W. C., 1s.; W. P. (Southport), 2s. 6d.; J. W. B., 2d.; Captain, Officers, Engineers and Crew of s.s. *Cedartree*, £2.

Collecting Boxes.

LONDON.—Mr. M. A. Gittos, "Rose of Denmark," Roman Road, Old Ford, E., £1 2s.

CARDIFF.—Mr. W. N. Wood, Mercantile Stores, Ltd., Ocean House, Clarence Road, £1.

DOVER.—Mr. S. Pelly, 12, Riverside Ter., River, £2.

HULL.—Mr. H. Francis, 32, Jamieson Street, £1 1s.

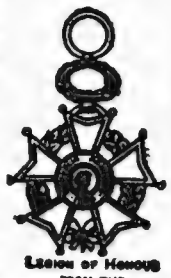
INVERGORDON.—Mr. A. Stephenson, R.N. Hutments, K Block, Section 4, £1 5s. 6d.

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES, AND ASTHMA.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Home Cure.

It is not only in the art of war that Sir Hiram Maxim's inventions are famous. The veteran inventor, who is doing so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, is shown to-day in quite a new light. He has now come to us with a mission of peace that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from catarrh, deafness, ear noises, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis. In brief, Sir Hiram Maxim has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that all sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their daily occupation he has published a most interesting little book which he gives away free to all who apply for it.

The curative effect of this discovery is so remarkable that thousands have already been cured most of these being chronic cases where everything else had failed.



LEGION OF HONOUR FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

YOUR FREE BOOK

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the free book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. A copy will be posted, free of charge, to every reader who writes for it to-day. The address is: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Scarce Olive Oil

The *genuine* olive oil in which "Skippers" are packed comes principally from France and Spain, and it now costs *three times* what it did before the war. We could have met this by substituting inferior oil, but we chose to safeguard the food of the people, and especially of the children for whom "Skippers" are so precious a food.

We therefore determined to meet the extra cost by *reducing* the profit on "Skippers" and increasing the price. "Skippers" are now sold on a smaller margin of profit than ever before, but the quality remains the same.

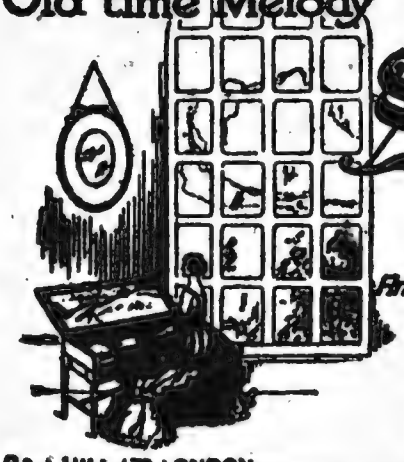
Especially now when butter is hard to obtain, ensure the children's health by giving them plenty of "Skippers."

Keep smiling! There's always 'Skippers'

"Skippers"

ANGUS WATSON & CO., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Soothing as an Old time Melody



Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia. Cork Tipped, Oval

1/2 for 20

Also in boxes of 50 & 100

Spinet MIXTURE for the pipe 1/7 per 2 oz Packet

R. & J. HILL LTD LONDON

A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.

SPECIAL WAR TIME OFFER to the readers of "JOHN BULL."

In this time of supreme national trial, every man and woman must be prepared to undertake greater responsibilities.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free, and without obligation on your part, if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LTD.
446, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Munition Work	—Coal & Metal Mining
—Business Training	—Mechanical Engineering
—Book-Keeping	—Draughtsmanship
—Salesmanship	—Electrical Engineering
—Shorthand-Typewriting	—Architecture & Building
—Shopkeeping	—Marine Engineering
—Advertising	—Steam Engineering
—Boiler Engineering	—Woodworking
—Gas Power Engineering	—Wireless Telegraphy
—Motor Engineering	—Poultry Farming
—Industrial Chemistry	—Agriculture
—Careers for Men	—Careers for Women

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

"The Smartest Army in the world"

was the justly earned reputation of the old British Army which for the past quarter of a century "blanco'd" itself clean and smart.

The New Army carries on the old traditions, and the kit bag still has its

"BLANCO"

now made in 3 kinds.

WEB-BLANCO.—A special preparation for cleaning all Web Equipment.

KHAKI-BLANCO.—For cleaning Khaki coloured spats, sun helmets, buckskin belts, etc. May also be used for web equipment.

"BLANCO."—*(the original kind)*—For cleaning all White equipment.

All these kinds are sold in Metal Boxes with sponge—a compact handy package. Sold also in Cakes without tins. Economical and easy to use.

WAR OFFICE APPROVAL.

Sole Manufacturers:
JOSEPH PICKERING & SON Ltd
Burton Road,
SHEFFIELD.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.

Manufacturers of

High Class Men's Wear

PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

BEST FRENCH CAMBRIC SHIRTS.
Neat Stripes. Made with soft front, soft or stiff cuffs. Each **6/6**

Zephyr Shirts, good quality, tasteful designs. Each **4/11**

White Dress Shirts, for dress or business wear. Each .. 4/3, 5/11, 8/11

Taffeta Shirts. Most comfortable wear. Smart, and unshrinkable. Each **7/6**

Flannel Shirts, in various weights, plain or twill cloths. Each **9/11**

Clyron Flannel Shirts, Durable and Unshrinkable. Single or double cuffs. Each .. **6/11**

SHIRTS MADE TO YOUR MEASURE OR PATTERN SHIRT IN A FEW DAYS.
Best Quality Cloths. Zephyr, Oxford, Cambric. Per Shirt **7/11**

PYJAMA BARGAINS.

Ceylon Flannel Pyjamas Medium weight. Per suit .. **6/11**

Medium Weight Pyjamas, in Taffeta or Ceylon Flannel. Per suit .. **12/6**

Pure Wool Pyjamas, Fine Medium Weight. Per suit **18/11**

Heavy Wool Pyjamas, good patterns. Per suit .. **18/6**

The Celebrated

CASTLE COLLARS.

LIST ON APPLICATION.

Real Reindeer Gloves, Tan or Grey. Per pair .. **8/11**

Slate Doeskin Gloves, Per pair **4/6**

Lined Gloves in Great Variety at Tempting Prices.

Real Spitalfields wide end Ties. Cut from Squares. Each **2/6**

Pure Silk Knitted Ties, were 5/6 each; to clear, Each **2/6**

50 doz. 2/6 wide end Ties, at 1/11 each.

SERVICE GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Medium or Heavy Khaki Shirts, from 5/11 each.

Khaki Wool Jackets, with Sleeves. Each **9/11**

Khaki Cashmere Neck Squares. Each **2/6**

Heavy Worsted Socks 1/6, 2/11, 3/6 per pair.

Pure Wool Underwear, heavy weight Vests, 11/6. Pants, 12/6.

Wool Sweaters, from 6/11 each.

101 - 102, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as *they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"FATHER OF A SOLDIER IN THE EAST" (Cheapside, E.C.) and MANY OTHERS.—In the final audit of Armageddon, if not before, the Murderers of Mesopotamia shall assuredly be brought to book. To that end, we solemnly pledge our word.

"A REGULAR READER" (Liverpool).—Thanks for selections of "the questions Tommy will ask when he gets home." Evidently the politicians are in for a warm time.

P. C. H. (Royal Engineers).—Your criticism of the Prime Minister noted, but you must make some allowance for the Keltic love of rhetoric. Also perhaps you had better advertise for your lost sense of humour.

"READER" (Lancashire).—We would advise you not to "rush into Buckingham Palace" without an invitation. Even in these democratic days, Royalty may be a trifle exclusive.

"ARTILLERY GUNNER" (B.E.F., France).—"Pleased to say the sale of JOHN BULL has gone up at least 25 per cent. in my regiment." That explains the sunny smiles that have lately illumined the features of our publishers.

"A MOTHER" (Wimbledon).—We have every sympathy with your complaint, but you mustn't ask us questions "as a Member of Parliament." Our portly presence is, for the time, absent from the Palace of Westminster.

F. K. (Penistone).—Justly speaking, conscription ought to have been applied to Ireland as to other parts of the kingdom. Justice, however, is one thing and political expediency another.

S. M. (Southsea).—That's the point. Why *should* the bishop "keep up two palaces with numbers of gardeners and servants"?

W. K. (Nottingham) says he believes the politicians are afraid of us somewhat. Well, we're not afraid of them, somehow.

E. P. F. (Poplar) is disappointed in our suggestion that praying for Germhuns is insulting God. Well, what else is it doing praying for vermin?

"SWANAGE."—From *Dorset Chronicle*: "Our veteran Town Crier's sonorous voice is heard nearly every day. One feature is eagerly looked forward to, namely, the JOHN BULL announcements, and if the applause and handclaps are any criterion, Mr. Bottomley and his journal are held in high appreciation here." Thank you, *Dorset Chronicle*.

M. J. P. (Reading).—You want "an answer all to yourself"? But on this page everybody shares the answers, though everybody does not always know what the question was. As you have asked none, they will wonder why we answered.

CPL. E. H.—"Let Mac and Snowden have passports for France, to expound their views to Tommy, and leave the rest to the bhoys out there." How much would the bhoys leave?

R. H. (Clayton).—"Can you tell me when the war will be over? Don't overtax your brain; should not like to cause great suffering." *Your* brain is not taxable; it's beneath the limit.

D. D. (Llanelly).—Under the pooling arrangement Mr. Lloyd George's salary is now less than it was before the war.

"IN EARNEST."—I should like to put you, Blatchford and Northcliffe (curse him) in the trenches and shoot the lot of you dead." Bless you for those words! They mean that Britain's enemies are beginning to feel the draught.

"MARY" (Cardigan).—About the best cure for blushing is to join the chorus of a popular revue.

GUNNER J. J. (Dartford).—A good letter of yours, and you ask us why the *Times* Editor did not print it. Perhaps because you referred to his "valuable paper"; made him feel stuck up, you know. Still, paper *is* valuable—or dear—just now.

B. E. F. (France).—Yes, experiments for the Channel Tunnel have been made on the British side from the foot of Shakespeare's Cliff, near Dover, for 2,200 yards under the sea.

J. D. R. (Sheffield).—Don't tell us you're a poet. You're a fibber.

"SQUNKUM SQUEER" (Standish).—"Who bids me squirt the squnkum squeer, And laugh and smile when he is near, And down the throat pour lager beer—JOHN BULL." Don't tell such whoppers.

P. D. (Penzance).—You remind us of the orator who said the march of civilisation was onward, ever onward—like the slow but hopeful progress of an ass towards an invisible carrot.

MISS J. L. (Hampton Lsode) wants us to inform our readers that she has received inestimable benefits from Christian Science. We will lay her two potatoes to a diamond of the first water that she didn't break her leg.

"ALICE" (Brightlingsea) has heard us called everything. We have heard ourselves called everything, so we're not surprised.

M. R. (Fishguard Bay).—Cannot say why the head porter at the hotel you mention has not joined up. As he is fond of tips, give him the straight one.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Camberwell).—"I am afraid if all women had but one child we should soon be without any population." And then they say women have no logic!

"MUNITIONER" (Southampton).—We like your patriotic typewriting—red, white and blue. Also your arguments command our respectful approval.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Harringay).—Although the grocers had plenty of golden syrup, they told you it was "not for sale." Perhaps they were keeping it to catch flies with.

R. X. (Coventry).—We cannot call a man a robber on the strength of your unsupported statement. How would you like us, for instance, to rush into print about you on the bare word of your mother-in-law?

THE RECORD COMPOSITION COMPANY (47, Fetter Lane, E.C.) desires to disclaim any connection with the Record Press, also of Fetter Lane.

"GRATEFUL IRISHWOMAN" (Dublin).—Thanks for thinking so well of us.

E. A. (Ayr).—You may "dabble in poetry," but you are no dabster at it. For instance, you couple "burst" with "dust." But you can't make them rhyme if you try till you bust.

"APPTICE" (B.E.F.).—"Hoping this will appear in the 'mighty two-pennorth.'" No room in this journal; but there, you can't mean us? One d. is our figure.

JUDGE MELLOR (Chairman, Manchester Appeal Tribunal), writes courteously to inform us that the remark attributed to him by the *Grocers' Gazette*, and commented upon by us—that the Tribunal had "smashed up a good many grocers, and now we have got to attack the butchers"—was a misrepresentation of what he said. We, of course, unhesitatingly accept the correction, but are left wondering what exactly it was that his Honour *did* say.

F. F. (Harlesden, N.W.).—So you "do not see the justice" of our recent attack on Mr. F. H. Summers, of Brighton, under the heading: "An Indecent Ramp." That is no fault of ours. We can provide you with grounds for our condemnation, but not with understanding.

"TEACHER" (Arnside).—It pains us to learn that you, a mother, support those selfish and unpatriotic property-owners who refuse to let their houses to tenants with children. Since you look upon the rising generation as "fiends in human form," it was indeed high time that you gave up school-teaching. We wonder what was your scholars' estimate of yourself.

W. W. (Hirwain).—"There is a rumour that Kaiser Bill was not lawful heir to the throne. The current idea is that two definite women expected a birth, one was a female and the other a male." Kaiser Bill was the son of his mother, and his spiritual father was old Nick.

"FARMER" (Gatcombe).—All farmers are philanthropists, and the only person making money out of this war is the consumer.

"NEW LEAF" (Hampstead).—If a man forgoes every sort of pleasure, he has a chance of living miserably to an extreme old age.

H. C. (Truro).—Alas, everybody doesn't get justice in this world. Such a lot of people were born on a Friday.

"SIN" (Grimsby).—We have seldom read a more watery screed. Been drinking Government ale?

J. T. (Silvertown) bought 70lbs. of sugar from New Zealand, but the Sugar Commission wouldn't let him take it home. Perhaps they thought he was going to start a shop or give it away to babies.

"TUESDAY" (Derby).—"Dear Botty, try and keep the war going another two years, as I want to win a bet." There's many a bettor better.

"DONALD" (Leith).—We have never credited the legend that farthings were first coined in order to give Scotsmen a chance of subscribing to charity.

R. W. (St. Andrew's).—Cannot see why you should have been "utterly surprised" to find the landlord reading JOHN BULL. What on earth would you have expected him to be reading?

MRS. S. (Maidstone).—"Hoping you will make some comment on this." We have made lots, but they are unprintable.

MRS. G. I. G. (Bedford).—"Of course this is quite confidential." We were quite alarmed when we found ourselves whispering it in our sleep.

C. M. T. (Hackney).—Advert. in *Hackney Gazette*: "Wanted, permanently, London or near, by lady, heart disease." If she means she wants to fall in love, Hackney boys are competent to oblige.

"DEMOCRAT" (Brighton). — "Wandering epistle" you call it, do you? It is more like a bag of wind.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

The "JOHN BULL" Dictionary.

Important Announcement.

We are glad to be able to inform our readers that we have managed to secure the last 5,000 copies of this splendid work. To produce another edition during war-time would cost considerably more than the price at which we are offering it, and we assure our readers that after this date *no further edition will be produced till the war is over.*

Many of the greatest British Scholars have contributed to it. It is an entirely British book produced by British labour with British materials. Tens of thousands of our readers have secured copies, and we congratulate in advance the lucky five thousand who will secure the remaining ones. Orders will be dealt with in strict rotation and first comers will be first served. We call your attention to the announcement on page 14.

POISONED BLOOD & LEG DISEASE.

How GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT Cures.

For 50 years **Grasshopper Ointment** has been absolutely unexcelled as a safe and certain cure for diseases of the leg. It cures by removing the cause, which is to be found in poisoned and diseased blood. The Ointment draws out the virus from the blood and tissues, and assures an early and complete recovery. Of all Chemists and Stores at 1/3 a box, or direct from **J. B. ALBERT, 73, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.**

—Send 2 penny stamps for sample.—

Eggs Wanted for the Wounded

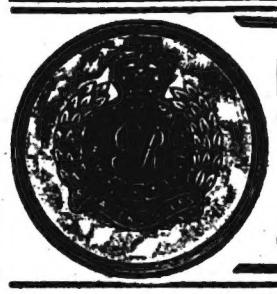
Millions of eggs are needed at once for wounded in France. Please send Cheque or Treasury Note to National Egg Collection, 154, Fleet St., London, E.C. Send eggs to nearest Depot, or carriage free, by rail, to Central Depot, National Egg Collection, 30, 31, Great Queen Street, London, W.C. Patroness: H.M. Queen Alexandra. Under direction of the War Office.

"Pylitna"

Haemorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by external remedies. "Pylitna" Powders taken in a little warm milk or water are a genuine effective cure.

A Chemist says:—"It is the best remedy I have met with in all my 50 years' experience with doctors."

Of all Chemists and Stores at 3/- per box, or from "Pylitna," 3, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. 1.



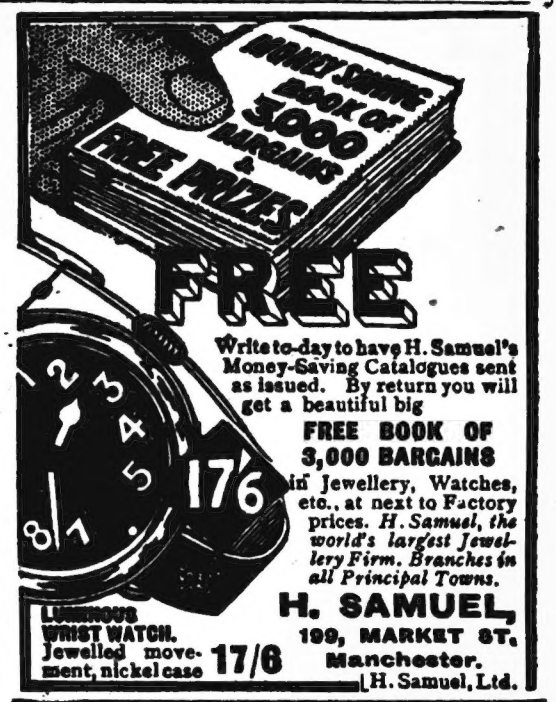
Regimental Souvenir
CREST BROOCH
(Any Regiment).
Set on Mother-of-Pearl, with Sterling Silver Rim.
POST **2/6** FREE.
Mother-of-Pearl Crest No Rim **1/6** Post Free.
GLOBE BROOCH MFG. CO. (Dept. B), 61, Bevington Rd., BIRMINGHAM.

CORK LINO

Comfort—Elegance—Durability.

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price, and we allow a discount of 2/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for free Patterns and Prices.

CATESBYS LTD.,
Dept. 19, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1



Write to-day to have H. Samuel's Money-Saving Catalogues sent as issued. By return you will get a beautiful big

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS

in Jewellery, Watches, etc., at next to Factory prices. *H. Samuel, the world's largest Jewellery Firm. Branches in all Principal Towns.*

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Jewelled movement, nickel case **17/6**

H. SAMUEL,
199, MARKET ST.
Manchester.
H. Samuel, Ltd.

ARE YOU TOO STOUT?

For a really graceful Figure, you must wear the

R.M. Figure Reducing Corset, 14/6

Honestly worth 25/-

A British Invention. Patented in Britain, Colonies, U.S.A. and other countries. Invaluable for growing girls for training the figure into lines of beauty. *Money refunded if not delighted.* Wholesale and Retail from

FINLAY'S, the GREAT RETAIL WAREHOUSE,
252, Houldsworth St. (top Oldham St.), Manchester.
London Showrooms—47, Duke St. (Oxford St.), W. 1.

The Food Beverage for all War Workers.
Vi-Cocoa.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO
COPY YOUR LETTERS
BOTH IN PRIVATE & BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE

£1,000s lost yearly through neglect to keep copies of letters. This can be obviated by using the

"TWINWRITER" Pen-Duplicate BOOK.

Copies made at same time of writing with Pen. Simple and Effective. Books contain 100 Sheets of good Bank Writing Paper and 100 Ink Carbon Duplicate Sheets complete.
THOUSANDS IN USE AT HOME & ABROAD
Size 8 in. by 5 in. **2/3.**
Size 8 in. by 10 in. **3/6.**

Of all Stationers & Stores or Post Free from—
CITY PRINTING & STATIONERY CO.,
138, Gordon Road, London, S.E. 15.
(Foreign and Colonial Postage 6d. extra.)

PERFECT PEN COPIES.

FREEMANS CUSTARD
There's nothing else quite so good.
DEVONSHIRE

A BOON TO SMALL TRADESMEN.

Infallible means of purifying Ledgers, well tested, tried and recommended by the advertiser. Post free 7d.

64 a, High Street, Dorchester, Dorset.

Foster Clark's
The Creamiest, most economical Custard, delicious flavour and absolutely pure.
The Cream of All Custards.
Cream Custard

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose one of the 32 examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected must begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example—RECEIVED WITH THANKS. Bullet:—RAPID CURE FOR QUEER. Bullet:—BARBER'S QUARTERLY PAY. Example:—HEALTH GAZETTE. Bullet:—RECEIVED—RECIPE IN QUERY. Bullet:—RAPID CURE FOR QUEER. Bullet:—BARBER'S QUARTERLY PAY. Example:—HEALTH GAZETTE. Bullet:—RECEIVED—RECIPE IN QUERY. Bullet:—RAPID CURE FOR QUEER. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, WHEN WILL BE READ. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated September 15th. This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in Bystanders dated September 8th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 253.

SCREECHING PEACE	THE LAST LAP	STRAIGHT TALK	UGLY SUSPECT
RECLINED WITH THANKS	OLD GAT £12	PLEASED THE INMATES	WHEN PUT OUT
SHOWING DOG	HARD TO FIND	PRETTY FAST	INNOCENT REMARKS
PULLING HIS LEG	NOW SHOWING	SETTING GOOD EXAMPLE	KEEPING IN QUIET
PETTY CASH	FAIR DECEIVER	BECOMING WIFE	DRY SERMON
HAVING LAST WORD	RESTORATION	WHEN SENTRY NODS	UNEXPECTED
ARMY RULES	OUR GROCER	HONOURS EASY	FAMILY GATHERING
FAIR PLAY	SHY YOUNG MAN	ROUND THE CORNER	THE KAISER'S FAST

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 13th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(253) P.O. No._____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 253, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 13th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(253) P.O. No._____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 13th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(253) P.O. No._____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 5 coupons are used P.O. for 2/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 254. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 253 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 254, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 254.

The British Prize	The Wrong Card	Feast of the Bottle	Our Foreman	Silly Subject
Tommy's Reward	Military Police	Designing Miss	Father's Drink	Getting Off
Landing the Pacifists	Chilly Reception	Government Measures	Ready for Action	Moving Pictures
Running Riot	Barber's Bag	When Wife's Agreeable	Woman's Age	When Kaiser Speaks

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the tests being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right is also reserved to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors if necessary.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two all examples may be written on each coupon.

3. Duplicate coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a separate entry fee.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

POSTAL ORDER TO BE MADE payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

RESULT OF 250th BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. F. K. MARRIE,
82, Portsmouth Rd., Southampton.

Example:—AT STOCKHOLM.
Bullet:—"TWILIGHT SLEEP" FOR LABOUR.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. H. STARKIE,
91, Walnut Street,
Hightown, Manchester.

Example:—THE PACIFISTS.
Bullet:—"THINKING PEOPLE" AGAINST THEM.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. A. E. SPENCE,
(Staff) Royal Grass School,
Preston, Lancs.

Example:—AMERICAN SOLDIERS.
Bullet:—"GO AHEAD" YOUNG FELLOWS.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. J. ALBRID, 59, Ermine Road, Lewisham, S.E.:
THE PACIFISTS—PREACHING—"WE MUST STOP."

Mr. G. J. AGER, Upperhulme, Leek, Staffs:
THE RIGHT MAN—HANDLES "SPADE" BEFORE "FORK."

Mr. J. ROBINSON, 102, Rochdale Road, Bury, Lancs:
CHEAP LOAF—PROFITEERS THOUGHT SHILLING ONE.

Miss N. BITHREY, 17, Walpole Road, Upton Park, E.:
PRETTY FIGURE—AWARDED ANOTHER IN COURT.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. W. SUTTON, St. Luke's Schools, Ashton-in-Makerfield:
THE PACIFISTS—HINDENBURG'S PHOTOGRAPH SHOULD SILENCE.

Pte. H. MANSON, 27168, B Coy., New Bks., Gosport:
SEAT OF TROUBLE—CHAUFFEUR "PRONE" TO FIND.

Mr. EDWIN TELL, Acomb, York:
WINSTON CHURCHILL—BLAMED—BUT "BLAMED" CLEVER.

Mr. E. BARLOW, 7, Fleet Street, Bury, Lancs:
MY BABY—KEEPING HIS TOES "RETURNING."

Mrs. A. M. HEACH, c.o. 3, Merton Terrace, Guildford Road, Farnborough:
AMERICAN SOLDIERS—LAST TO "TAKE OFFENCE."

Mr. A. S. MANNING, P.O. Stores Department, 27-29, Bedford Street, London, W.C. 2.
IN THE KITCHEN—THE BEDROOM AFTER RAID.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. A. HAVERS, 55, Albert Road, Aldershot:
THE PACIFISTS—ENEMY DOESN'T "DROP ON."

Mr. W. O. REILLY, 14, Brocklebank Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.:
BATHING DRESS—UNHOOKED, THEN "HOOK" IT.

Sergt. G. HERCOCK, 5th T.R. Batt., Rugeley Camp, Staffs:
THE WAR CABINET—MISSUS AND HER MOTHERS.

Mr. C. P. KIRBY, 11, Cwmdan Street, Cathays, Cardiff:
JOLLY GOOD FELLOW—ALWAYS NICE "TO FACE."

Mr. PERCY J. ADAMS, Cash Stores, Littlemore, near Oxford:
THE WAR CABINET—BACK PARLOUR, VILLAGE INN.

Mr. CHARLES NEEDHAM, Monument Press, 95, Carver Street, Sheffield:
LANDLADY'S CAT—OFTEN BOTH ARE "CONFOUNDED."

Miss A. V. BELL, 92, Lower Moss Lane, Hulme, Manchester:
JOLLY GOOD FELLOW—EASY TO "GET ROUND."

Mr. M. C. FERGUSON, 313, Langside Road, Glasgow:
TOMMY'S BEST GIRL—HE "TAKES" MOST TO.

Mr. ALFRED KEMISH, 17, Augusta Street, London, E. 14:
AFTER THE WAR—RAISE WORKSHOPS, ERASE WORKHOUSES.

Mr. P. JONES, 52, Hardshaw Street, St. Helens:
AMERICAN SOLDIERS—CROSSED TO OPEN ACCOUNT.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Summertime uses for Evans' Pastilles—No. 2.

Smokers' Throat

An annoying complaint arising from inflammation set up by over-indulgence in tobacco.
Any Inflammation of the throat weakens the powers of resistance of the affected part, and encourages the attack of hostile microbes.

EVANS' Pastilles

are an effective precautionary measure against all microbes which attack the mouth and throat.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores—or post free from the Makers. 1/3 PER TIN.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB. Ltd.,
56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

S.C.3.

Made at Hammersmith

OSRAM

G.E.C.
DRAWN WIRE
LAMPS

Exclusively the Product of
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIALS
BRITISH CAPITAL

Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works Hammersmith. W.

The Name **PHILLIPS** on Rubber Heels and Tips is a Guarantee of **QUALITY**

PHILLIPS' PATENTS L^TD., 142 OLD ST. LONDON E.C.

THE 'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:

FRANK LOWE, 58, Parkfield Road, Alum Rock, Saltley, Birmingham. August 11th. 263,339.

H. WATKINS, 35, St. George's Road, Hull. August 4th. A036,289.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 1st:—

048,920	325,080	586,255	887,361	A289,534
071,471	349,237	603,668	920,575	A316,450
093,748	380,162	637,942	964,089	A352,934
110,091	414,083	656,279	A028,478	A365,160
134,266	438,922	662,563	A046,119	A387,266
156,744	460,719	698,241	A083,965	A428,422
182,010	499,570	729,465	A127,332	A491,642
243,350	532,374	774,567	A149,108	A500,738
267,495	574,889	831,322	A195,284	A532,019
295,162	578,204	855,105	A238,911	A554,372

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Sept. 12th)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Sept. 1, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 048,796 and A317,822. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an Insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or re-idence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

September 8, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

September 8, 1917

When out o' Sorts

It's more than wretched to feel out o' sorts and yet not know just what is wrong with you. To awake in the morning unrefreshed by sleep, with a slight headache, and feeling languid and run down Then, as the day advances, to feel that all your old snap and vigour has deserted you, though you haven't done enough hard work to account for this feeling. If this is ever your experience, it is almost certain that the cause is some derangement of the digestive organs. And it is just here that Mother Seigel's Syrup can help you. This wonderful invigorator and tonic has a marked beneficial effect on the whole of the digestive system. It braces the nerves and gives tone and vitality to stomach, liver, and bowels, and enables them to regain a normal healthy condition. When this has been attained you will again feel the vigour and glow of health. Put it to the test to day.

TAKE MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/9 size contains THREE TIMES as much as the 1/3 bottle.

Remarkable Testimony

THE following remarkable testimony is but one more tribute to the marvellous restorative powers of Hall's Wine. Original letter on file:—

"I had a 'gruelling' time in France and Flanders, and as a result—suffering from acute shell-shock—I lay at the Base lacking both speech and memory. In the end the trouble developed into a distressing form of neurasthenia.

Four months in hospitals brought but slight improvement.

During convalescence and pending discharge I took Hall's Wine with really remarkable results. Weakness gave way to strength, trembling to steadiness. To the astonishment of everyone, I am again 'doing my bit.'"

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle, and we will refund all outlay.

Extra Large Size, 4/6; Smaller, 2/9.

Of Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences.

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E 3. 753

"Like a breeze in the mouth."

As refreshingly fragrant as the clean, spring breeze is the sensation imparted to the mouth by the use of Gibb's Dentifrice. The habit of using this solid Dentifrice twice a day will keep your teeth sound and of a pearly whiteness.

Price 6d. & 1s. of all Chemists.

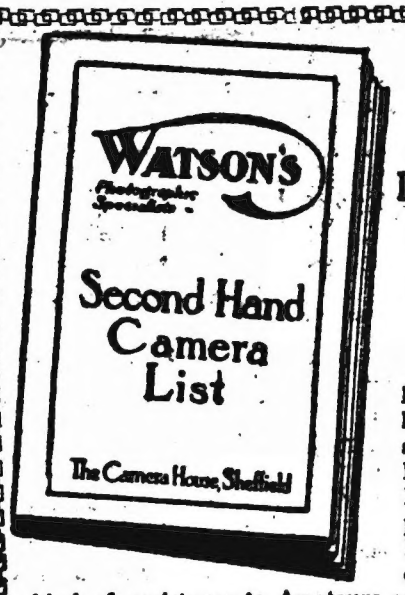
GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES.

of Shaving Soap, Dentifrice and Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

Gibbs's Dentifrice

D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 13R)
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. 1.

Established - - - 1712.



EVERY AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER SHOULD HAVE OUR NEW LIST No. 16

Not only does this List show how to effect an appreciable saving on all kinds of Photographic Apparatus and Materials but it also gives particulars of the many Departments we have fully organised for rendering every kind of assistance to Amateurs who aim to get the best possible results and the utmost profit and enjoyment from their hobby. **We are Photographic Specialists.** In any and every branch of the art we can offer the greatest facilities; our organisation, even in these times, is perfect; our business methods are up-to-date and we live up to the words of one of our newspaper critics: "The house with a reputation for promptness and fair dealings."

Send Post Card to-day for LIST No. 16

It may save you a lot of expense and disappointment before the season is over.

WATSONS
The Camera House
84, High St.
SHEFFIELD

Printed and published for the Proprietors (John Bull Ltd.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).